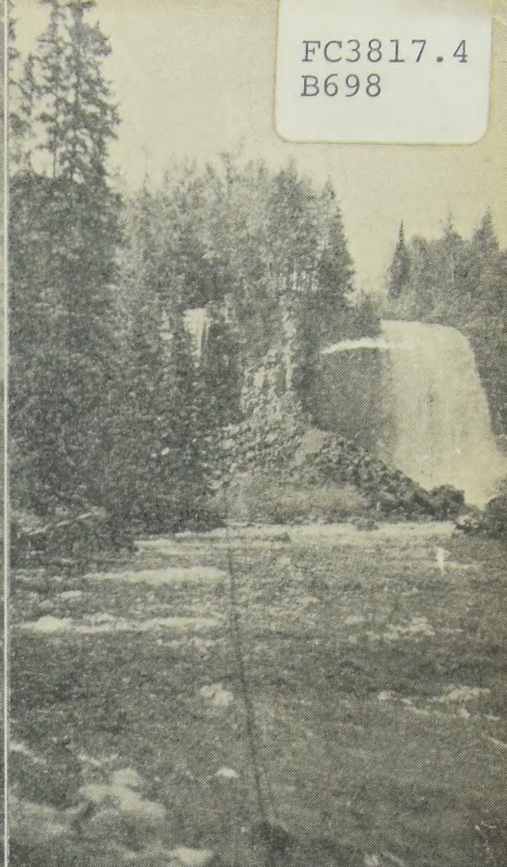
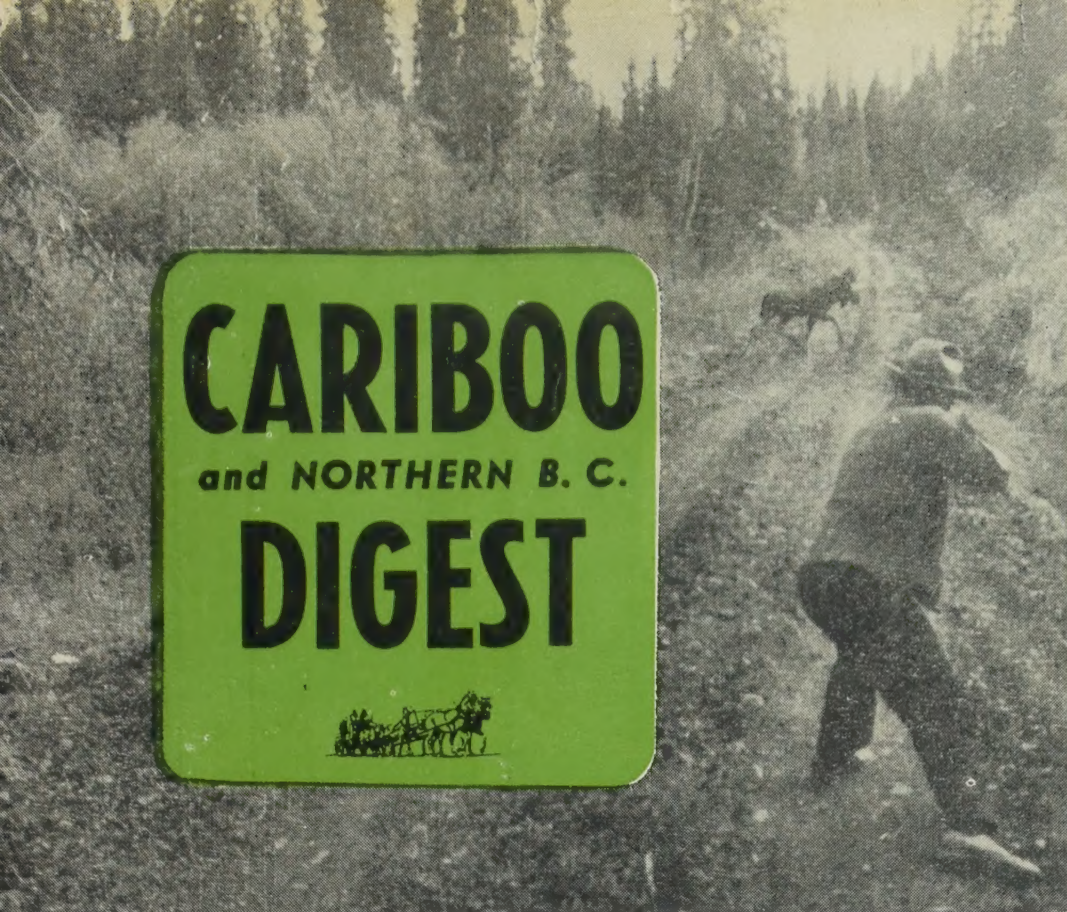


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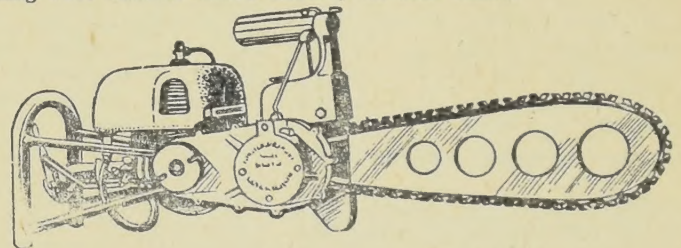
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Cariboo Digest

CARIBOO

and Northern B.C.

DIGEST

Published and Printed Quarterly by
CARIBOO DIGEST LIMITED. at
Quesnel, British Columbia

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE B. C.
REGISTERED TRAPPERS ASSOCIATION

Managing Editor, A. Sahonovitch,

Assistant Editor V. H. Frank,

Contributing Editors;

F. W. Lindsay, J. A. Fraser

Eric Collier

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EDITORIAL

Let's Have Prosperity(?)

Canadians need a million new homes. Anyone who doubts this need only take a walk in the suburbs of ANY CANADIAN TOWN - ANY CANADIAN CITY. Fully 70 percent of all Canadians, especially those earning \$2,000 a year or less, are living in anything from tar-paper shacks, one and two room dwellings - to outmoded and dilapidated monstrosities with ancient plumbing and wiring, sagging foundations, and by modern standards totally inadequate structures in which it is virtually impossible to maintain a decent standard of living. . . There is no room for doubt about this need for homes. Ask the man who earns under \$2,000 a year - Ask the Vets - Ask the Government.

No one knows better than our Provincial and Federal Governments how acute is the housing shortage; how vital to the health and future prosperity of the Canadian people it is to provide decent up-to-date accommodation for the millions who are overcrowded and poorly housed in slum areas the country over. And no one knows better than our government, how badly the country is failing with its various plans to provide adequate housing. . . Shortages, increased labour costs, and RED TAPE, have brought virtually every major housing construction program to a standstill.

Canada - enjoying the greatest boom in her history. Canada, the richest country in the world in natural resources per capita of population. Canada, of the boundless forests, the untold mineral wealth and other resources PLUS the proven ability to fabricate these resources into virtually every requirement of civilized man - Canada, HERE and NOW is starving for the self-same products which she is producing in huge quantities, but is unable to buy, because this so-called 'prosperity' cannot last unless, foolish as it sounds, Canada sends the BULK of her natural resources to Overseas Markets in exchange for gold or credit slips. . . .

At least that is what Canadians are being told - The old bogey 'Export Market' is being publicised today as never before. Government officials, industrial and business 'giants', economists and others are predicting that we will have another depression (only to-

day they call this nasty situation a 'recession') unless we can maintain our Export Markets on the same scale as we have done for the past two to four years.

At a recent Trade Conference held in Vancouver B.C., at which many representatives from foreign countries were present, public spirited Canadian industrial leaders and Government officials outdid themselves in their efforts to weave a web of unilateral, multilateral, bilateral, and no doubt just for good measure, a few plain ordinary 'lateral' trade agreements - all designed to SELL MORE, and if possible BUY LESS, from foreign countries. . . If their efforts prove successful, Canadians will be able to buy EVEN LESS of the goods they produce than in the past two years - but will have more money to buy them with - and they'll need more - for increased prices in the foreign market will insure a continued rise in domestic prices.

There is something radically wrong with this country if - admittedly rich with virtually every necessity of civilized man within our boundaries - we 'cannot avoid a depression' unless we EXPORT not only our surplusses, but necessities badly needed on the home front! How many times have we all been told that we cannot "Rob Peter to pay Paul" and come to any good end? - Yet the nations Brains (?) are falling all over themselves in their efforts to do just that - They are, supposedly sane and in their right minds, and without coercion, deliberately robbing the country of its resources by shipping them to overseas markets, and paying off Canadian citizens (Paul) in paper dollars which from month to month buy less - and less - and less. . .

It seems not to matter what we export, or where - to what country, or whether the country in question has the necessary money with which to for the goods or not - so long as the goods are shipped so far away that Canadians cannot consume them. And if the country in question has no money, our Government obligingly taxes the people more, or floats a bond and lends the proceeds to the poor country so that its people can buy our goods at prices higher than Canadians can

afford to pay — and Presto! — We have PROSPERITY — but live in shacks, sans plumbing, sans washing machines, sans frigidaire, sans radios and cars and the hundred and one other products which man commonly points to as proof of the fact that he is intelligent and civilized!

Just on the off-chance that some political or industrial 'giant' happens to read this far, I hereby beg to remind him that civilization and intelligent living consist of one or two other things quite apart from atomic bombs and foreign gold — Prosperity that is lasting can only be built from the ground up and not from foreign gold Down. There is plenty of raw material for a lasting prosperity in the good earth around him if he would only look (but maybe he has already dug it up and exported it) — which brings home very forcibly the story about a man who took his son to the opening session of the Legislature. After observing the opening ritual, the son pined up, "Daddy, why is that man standing there praying for all those other men?"

The father replied, "He isn't praying for the men, son. He took one look at them and is now praying for the country."

By all means let us have 'exports', but let us export those commodities which are truly our surplusses, and exchange them for goods which we in Canada cannot produce. . . If in Canada, we can have the present type of half-baked prosperity by lending or giving (money or credit) to foreign countries so that they can buy Canadian goods — how much better it would be if our Government gave back to the Canadian people this self-same money so that Canadians could buy those goods which are now being 'sold'(?)

Without freedom of thought, there can be no such thing as wisdom, and no such thing as public liberty without freedom of speech; which is the right of every man as far as by it he does not hurt or control the right of another, and this is the only check it ought to suffer, and the only bounds it ought to know. . . . Whoever would overthrow the liberty of a nation must begin by subduing the freedom of speech.

— Benjamin Franklin

abroad. . . At once I hear a thousand voices raised in protest — "Selfishness! — Isolationism! Un-Christian! We can't let poor starving countries go without. The industrialists and government officials are quite right," I hear them say. "They're really being great humanitarians."

All well and good. If our exporting is being done from a humanitarian point of view — a genuine concern for the needy peoples elsewhere on this earth — then we are truly approaching the day of which Christ preached — the day when all mankind will regard all the rest of mankind as 'brothers'. Unfortunately however, even if our Governments had not already admitted that the country is concentrating on exports in order to avoid a recession, we have adequate proof that the motive behind our exports is not of a very humanitarian nature in the fact that the prices Canada is charging for exported goods, to rich or poor nation alike, is ALL THE TRAFFIC WILL BEAR. — Witness the fact that the export price on wheat (the staff of life) is almost double the domestic price. . . . It is obvious that if prices offered in foreign markets were suddenly reduced to the level of domestic prices, exporting would no longer hold the same attraction for those concerned — They might then decide that Christianity and the practise of charity begin — at home.

But perhaps we are wrong about all this. Not being politicians, we wouldn't mind admitting it if it turned out that we were. . . If so, then our economists are right, and we "can not have prosperity without exports". — If we export only a few non-essentials most of us are doomed, they say, to stand in the bread-lines. If we export 70 percent of our lumber, 96 percent of our newsprint and half of our apples, fish and other goods, we have the present type of prosperity. Obviously then, the more we export the more prosperous we are — exactly as we are being told. . . . But why should we Canadians be satisfied with the present level of prosperity? In the past twenty years the average Canadian's income has more than doubled — (let's not look at prices however) and all because we export more. Why not double it again? And why stall along for twenty years doing it? Let's get busy! Let us do it in a year or two (Canadians can do anything if they only set their minds to it — witness the P.G.E.). If present prosperity is due to exporting 70 percent of our lumber,

96 percent of our newsprint, and large quantities of the rest of our resources, then let us, in one sweeping motion, become even more prosperous by passing legislation making it illegal to sell any lumber, newsprint, canned fish or apples in Canada in order to insure greater exports — The formula states that we will then be even more prosperous — And if we all want to be truly rich and prosperous, and who doesn't, then all that we need (again according to the magic formula of the industrialists) is to pass the "100 Percent Export Bill", which bill would compel everybody to export everything that is produced in Canada, while Canadians in the meantime would house, clothe and feed themselves as did the 'first' Canadians. . . Wigwams, animal skins and pemican would then (again) become the "Canadian Way Of Life"

But unlike the early, and present-day Indians, we'd all be RICH — and oh, SO prosperous! The fact that we might occasionally have difficulty in finding countries with sufficient money to buy our goods wouldn't be any real trouble to us — for our Government could always lend these poor countries a billion or two (raising the money by increasing taxes or floating a bond issue) — You see, having COMPLETE PROSPERITY THROUGH EXPORT we'd all have bushel bags of money clattering up our wigwams — and our papooses would be cutting paper dolls out of the stuff — with bone scissors.

* * *

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An American Visits Cariboo

A Narrative Based On Impressions And Opinion

by Remsen O. Paul



We sat in a 1936 Ford at the mouth of the mighty Columbia River in the state of Oregon. Two of us (Jack Bradley of Niles, Ohio, and the author) were much engrossed in a map of British Columbia. The time was September, 1945, when, only two weeks before, the Japs had "thrown in the towel"—their final admission of the futility of their foolish attempt to lick the Allies.

On the back seat of the car was a pile of camping equipment and among an assortment of mementoes and travel gear were two highly prized items: our honorable discharges from the United States Navy. Before the Captain's signature was scarcely dry on these, our minds had been made up and our plans formulated. We were going to visit that British Columbia of which we had so often dreamed during our five years of service now ended.

The map showed a first-class highway from Vancouver east to the Rockies which we intercepted at Abbotsford after crossing the border at Sumas. With a few supplies from Chilliwack, we unrolled our sleeping bags on the banks of the Thompson River (somewhere before Hope) for a sleep under the pines. The pleasant sound of the water rushing by the nearby bank added to our contentment.

At midnight we woke to a world changed from that of September sunset to one of an entirely different kind of beauty. A towering full moon flushed the valley with light,

highlighting the mountains with a mixture of cold yellow tones and shadows. At what more beautiful time could we possibly travel, we reasoned? Thus, fully agreed, and feeling quite rested, we "gunned" our machine up the river bank onto the deserted highway above. In the invigorating night air, time and miles flitted by as the little car, with whirring motor and bouncing headlights, steadily invaded the silence and loneliness of the scene.

Near Yale we paused long enough to pay the road toll (rather a novelty to us), and then drove on. This road followed the contours of palisades rising sheer and rugged above the river. Each curve and hill changed the pattern of loveliness and we stopped occasionally on the rim of the gorge to watch the play of moonlight on the silvery ribbon far below. We could hear the river's faint roar floating back to us on the still night air.

We reached either Cisco or Lytton (my notes were a trifle too brief at this point) at 3 a.m., where, luckily, the Vancouver-bound bus was still waiting for its passengers who had been in the Inn for refreshments. Consequently, we were able to get some hot coffee and a sandwich before the sleepy but congenial night attendant retired.

Here we were satisfied to wait until daylight. The moon had dipped behind the mountains and we thought it wiser to choose our route in the morning. In the next few minutes, however, a circumstance occurred which was to determine

our route for the next week. Another car pulled up outside and who should enter this rather remote mountain inn but Gill Watson and Ed Bodvin from Seattle Washington! These two old friends were on their annual hunting and fishing jaunt to Cariboo.

In the course of this coincidental meeting, we heard not only many of their stories, gathered from fifteen years of hunting the region, but also learned some of the local history made so rich because of the old Cariboo Trail. Well, as you might imagine, it was practically settled by daybreak that we were to accompany them as guests for a week of hunting and fishing in the Cariboo. I was delighted by the prospect. We would now have access to areas seldom seen by the hurried traveller; better still, we would have the opportunity to meet some of the people on an informal basis.

In the morning, then, we found ourselves eating breakfast in "the oldest hotel in British Columbia." This, of course, is at Clinton. The interior and exterior of this rather old building were to me interesting in themselves. I have seen similar old hostelries in New England and in Pennsylvania, but never one so completely segregated from other populous centres.

The drive from Clinton to the 100 Mile House at first impression was somewhat discouraging, and any who live along that route and chance to read this article, undoubtedly know what I'm coming to. We

bounced and swerved northward that next seventy miles to the staccato beat of my brake rods at speeds from a near-stall to upwards of thirty-five miles per hour. When I finally shut off the engine at the "hundred" for the purpose of refuelling, the sudden silence was remarkable in contrast to the din which had been following me for the last couple of hours. I would like to add that as much as I probably cursed the Cariboo Highway that day, I had travelled over several roads before leaving the States which were just about as bad. It is logical that there was very little road repairing done in either country during the war years.

The surrounding country, for a great portion of that seventy-mile run, I found either barren or burnt-out in appearance. It was only a guess that the Indian families I saw here and there were supporting themselves, possibly, by the abandoned mines we had noticed, particularly in the section between Cache Creek and Clinton. This part of the route I thought not too unlike the foothills of the Sierra Madre Mountains of old Mexico. Strange that two such very distant sections of a common mountain system should appear so similar in their general aspects.

Forty miles, more or less, north of Clinton forestation reappeared. At the 105 Mile House we turned west through a ranch gate, and entered some pretty fair range country. From here on the wild-life began to show itself. In a field, sunning themselves, were hundreds of brant and Canada geese. A coyote the size of a police dog sneaked over a hill crest, and every specie of duck winged its way from pot-hole to lake. Grouse and ptarmigan whirled out of the grassy road-bed ahead to add the kaleidoscope of natural life.

After nine or more miles of carefully opening and closing ranch gates, we reached a certain rancher's log cabin and on his floor unrolled our bags for the night. This was to be our headquarters in the rear and the next morning our vehicles pioneered a passage across

three more miles of fields and woods to a sort of outpost farm. Here we were to set up an advanced camp.

Before reaching it, however, I had inadvertently shifted gears (from first to second) at a time when the car chassis was twisted in such a way that the shift pin became dislocated. Result: Old "Fordy" had to be towed a final tortuous mile, and in my anxiety I could visualize nothing less serious than a broken transmission. Luckily Gil had had some experience as a machinist. He assisted me in removing the shift plate cover and showed me how to re-set the shift pin. A trial run around the meadow in which we were to camp proved his ingenuity. And that, incidentally, is a good sort of person to be with when you are up in the woods and there's any kind of mechanical trouble involved. I felt no end of relief.

Now we started to get the little camp ready for sleeping and eating before rain or darkness should come. Jack helped me tarpaper the



roof of a small building which was to serve as our party's cook-house. Everyone was busy at something. Teddy Hamilton, who sang fine old Scotch ditties, installed a small wood range he had brought in on his ranch truck. Tables, benches, and shelves materialized rapidly from old boards and fresh-cut saplings. We helped the Indian guides, Henry Bob and Julian Brown, erect three large tents.

The one allotted to Jack and me was a deluxe affair possessing a tin-lined vent for a stove pipe. To top it all off, the extra stove and pipe were among the equipment our hosts had brought along, so we quickly set it up. Next came several pitchforks of hay from the barn across the meadow. This made a flooring for the sleeping bags so soft as to put the advertised mattresses to shame.

Each night before "hitting the hay," we would ask Henry and Julian to our tent for a chat. Of course, we plied them with questions about the local wild-life and fish, and they "gave" generously while drying their socks on the stove. Both of these boys had recently been discharged from the Canadian Army, where they had seen plenty of action. And, what's more, Julian had seen service in both wars! They were fine men and in hunting displayed a sort of fifth sense foreign to the rest of us. That night we went to sleep to the answering howls of the coyotes.

As neither Jack nor I rode on
continued on page 20



Canadian Railway Stages

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One Million New Population and 200,000 New Homes in The PEACE RIVER

- Reprinted from the Legion paper 'Reveille', and from a pamphlet issued by Legion Branch No. 79 -

Peace River coal with only 3% ash and moisture as compared with 14.96% ash and moisture for Pennsylvania Anthracite is ideal for the Eastern market. It can be transported by rail, or by ship via the Panama Canal.

Pennsylvania Bituminous

Moisture	2.44%
Volatile	28.44%
Fixed Carbon	60.68%
Ash	8.44%
B.T.U.'s	13,732
Ash and Moisture	10.88%

The analysis of Pennsylvania Anthracite coal, of which 3,000,000 tons are imported into Canada, is as follows:

Pennsylvania Anthracite

Moisture	3.43%
Volatile	6.79%
Fixed Carbon	78.25%
Ash	11.53%
B.T.U.'s	12,787
Ash and Moisture	14.96%

Here is the analysis of Peace River coal, which is lying unused:

Peace River

Moisture	1.4 %
Volatile	22.3 %
Fixed Carbon	76.15%
Ash	1.5 %
B.T.U.'s	15,298
Ash and Moisture	2.9 %

IDEAL COAL FOR EASTERN MARKET

It is pointed out in "Fuels of Western Canada" that: "In good practice ten boilers of 500 h.p. each

will generate 300,000 pounds of steam per hour with coal carrying 10% ash; if, however, the coal carried 15%, five per cent. more than normal, it will require 15 boilers to generate the same amount of steam.

In addition, it is pointed out by graph that the unnecessary freight is three cars in every fifteen cars. Peace River coal with negligible ash, negligible water, negligible sulphur, is obviously the ideal coal to

OPEN LETTER

HON. JOHN HART

Premier of British Columbia

Victoria, B. C.

Sir:

We beg to draw your attention to the Resolution which was passed unanimously by 600 returned soldiers at the Provincial Convention in Vancouver in April, 1946, and copies of which have been sent to every member in the Dominion and Provincial Houses of Parliament.

We expect the Dominion and Provincial Governments to do their duty as servants of the people and to open up the Great Northern Empire as a MEMORIAL to our respected Dead.

We insist that the Pacific Great Eastern Railway be completed as a Public Utility and Lest You Forget we enclose herewith a specially prepared copy of the Resolution.

We must ask you for a prompt reply stating whether or not the Railway will be financed in such a way that it will remain in the hands of the People of British Columbia.

We also wish you to remember that the people of British Columbia subscribed one hundred million dollars to the ninth Victory Loan for reconstruction and rehabilitation purposes.

Yours truly,

W. H. ROSE,

President,

Lions Gate Branch No. 79.

haul to the Eastern market, and it will give wages to hundreds of thousands of Canadian workers in mining, railway and allied industries, as well as profits to investors, operators, and to the present railway.

PEACE RIVER NEEDS NO SUBVENTION

Peace River coal of this high quality needs no subvention, no extensive advertising, to create a market to displace the lower grade from Pennsylvania. The \$90,000,000 saved in this way to the people of Canada will help to straighten out the National Balance, Sheet and raise the value of the Canadian dollar abroad, which in itself would mean a large addition to the National Income.

The \$6.50 per ton freight, together with the freight and passenger traffic incurred through the springing up of multifarious contingent industries, will supply the much-needed additional income to make the railway pay.

Government reports at Ottawa will show that Peace River coal is superior to Pennsylvania coal, and its low ash and moisture content makes it unequalled in the world. It can be transported for long distances and stored practically indefinitely without serious deterioration. The trouble in disintegration and loss from our ordinary Western coals in transit and storage in the East will not be experienced with Peace River coal. Its unique characteristics, and its altogether unique analysis, as well as being bone free, make the claims obvious to any expert.

LOWEST OPERATING COSTS

The following statement from D. H. McDougall, former General Manager of the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, and Vice-President of the British Steel Corporation, to The Edmonton Journal in September, 1936, confirms the argument to build the railway to the Pacific Coast to supply that great market. He said: "There are millions of tons of very high-grade bituminous coal in the Peace River District of a

In Memory of Those Who Gave Their Lives For Peace and Security

Resolution By Lions Gate Branch Number 79 Canadian Legion, British Empire Service League

Whereas the question of rehabilitation and unemployment has become a serious matter for our returned personnel and war workers, and

Whereas the opening up of the Peace River Country will accomplish the following:

- 1—Give employment to the employable unemployed and provide openings for future emigrants.
- 2—Solve Canada's coal problem.
- 3—Eliminate the Canadian National deficit.
- 4—We'll provide additional purchasing power of approximately one billion dollars.

And whereas the expenditure of \$75,000,000 by the Dominion and Provincial Governments will complete the Pacific Great Eastern Railway; will permit the transportation of grain, cattle, hogs, coal, oil, lumber and other minerals.

And whereas the 8 percent sales and other taxes collected on monies spent in opening up this great empire, as well as taxes collected on new capital put into circulation by private interests, in addition to the general taxes collected throughout Canada, will accumulate tremendously through the normal turnover of money, And whereas the payment of principal and interest will be assured by a royalty on freight originating in this northern empire.

THEREFORE BE IT RESOLVED : that we, the Canadian Legion, B. E. S. L. in Provincial Convention assembled in the City of Vancouver, demand that the Dominion and Provincial Governments immediately complete the Pacific Great Eastern Railway as a public enterprise at the earliest possible moment.

quality superior to the highest American coal." He described the Peace River District deposits and said: "They are available for mining at the lowest operating costs."

Although this is considered the Oil Age, the potential value of coal still ranks first. It will be noted in the records of the natural resources of America or Great Britain that the longest line of the Graph values is Coal; next line, a little shorter, represents Agriculture; and the third, shorter still, Gold.

The total daily cost to British Columbia taxpayers of the P.G.E. could be met entirely from the revenue of freight charges alone on the 5,000 tons per day of coal taken from the Peace River area. This 5,000 tons per day could be sold at the ports and coaling stations on the West Coast from the Arctic to the Antarctic.

WORLD MARKETS

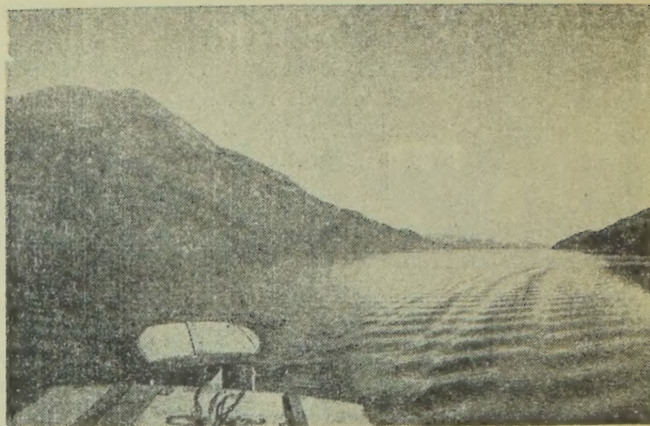
That there is a market for many times this amount is apparent from the fact that oil to an amount the equivalent of 70,000 tons of coal per day, or 21,000,000 tons per year, was consumed at the Pacific Coast before the war. Oil captured this business because no coal had been brought to seaboard at anywhere near the quality or competitive price as that which Peace River high carbon bituminous coal can be produced and sold.

This market is in part recoverable when the Peace River coal is made available at seaboard. Also between Seattle and San Diego alone there is a consumption of 25,000 tons of coal per day, part of which market badly needs coal of the high standard provided by our high carbon bituminous product. Particularly so

continued on page 101

A Sunday in Cariboo

by LYNN HOY



Our wake stretches out behind like pastel paper streamers slowly rolling into the horizon.

A beautiful Sunday in the Cariboo—any Sunday will do so long as it's one of those beautiful summer days when it's too nice to stay inside.

After church, Dave—that's my husband—or one of the boys will crank up the old jalopy and pass the word around amongst the bunch, "Want to go up the lake?"

Whenever this happens, in various kitchens around town boxes are gathered, picnic baskets are dragged out, and the search for anything fit to eat is on in earnest. A couple of loaves of bread, some cold meat or ham, maybe some cans of pork and beans or canned spaghetti—they're both good over a campfire. A bunch of celery and a pair of lettuce heads go into the box, together with some tomatoes and a jar of salad dressing.

Somebody can always be depended upon to have a potato salad hidden away, just in case. Especially Jean—she's the champ when it comes to potato salad. Those who have nothing cooked bring oranges, bananas and canned fruit. There's always coffee on the scow and utensils to make it in. The bachelors are good at bringing canned milk, sugar, coffee, and such other edibles as may be purchased ready to eat.

Our share of the expedition is usually the transportation. If we go far, or there is an unusually large crowd, making it necessary to take two boats and scows, the men chip in with fifty cents or a dollar

each to help pay for the gas, and nobody gets hooked very bad.

We often get up a party of thirty or forty in this manner and are away from the wharf an hour after the word has gone around. Mothers call, scream, phone, or send father to look for the children. They are never around where they should be on those lovely still summer Sundays. Coats, bathing suits, towels, and the baby's bottle are stuffed indiscriminately into flour sacks, or anything else that comes handy, then everybody climbs into their own or a neighbor's car and drive down to the wharf to wait for the rest of the gang.

The single men can usually be depended on to rustle a few cases of beer, and some of the married ones can surprise us too on occasion, even if last night was Saturday. Sometimes the Forestry boys bring a radio and set it up on the back of the scow—they always seem to have one they are experimenting on—and then we have music.

The grandmas bring their cards, or their knitting, or maybe they're playing Chinese checkers today. At anyrate, the tools go along. They're sure to rope three or four of us in to play with them before the day's over, but who cares?

Two or three rowboats are tied astern, the canoe and the surfboard are hoisted up on to the roof of the scow, and "All aboard!" shouts the man in control, and we're away.

First thing when we've reached shore and the 'junk' has been unloaded and more or less sorted out,

is a swim.

The younger generation usually drop the curtains and undress in the boats. Yips, screams, and splashes herald the fact that the "last one in is the nigger baby."

The small fry don't bother much, except the girls, and there's more boys than girls in our crowd. They just drop their clothes wherever they happen to be; most of them have their trunks on under their pants, anyway, and the howls and shrieks the girls let out when anyone comes near their particular tree would scare a banshee, let alone a mere mortal.

Hollers, yells, and dire threats fill the air. The boys duck in and duck the girls, and the little ones lay in wait for people like me who like to take it slowly.

Pretty soon they begin to straggle out, shivering and dripping all over everything. It's seldom the water in these big lakes gets really warm. Everyone wants to know where we eat and when.

Someone has lit a fire by this time, probably Dave—he's a great fire builder and he says he can get wet quite often enough in his work without falling in on purpose, so he rarely goes swimming. It comes in handy, for he has the water ready for tea and coffee and is on hand to heat the beans.

We women go to work. It doesn't matter whose box or basket you get, someone else will have yours—they're all mixed up, anyway.

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CARIBOO

Roadhouse - Keeper

by Jean E. Grady



There was no doubt that ranch and rancher were next of kin. It became more apparent as old Jim's stocky figure cleared itself from the blend of dove-tailed barns and machinery sheds to approach the ranch house. His step was slow, but it was also firm, and continued to the next with a spring - this after eighty summers and without benefit of a cane.

He turned once before crossing the road and saw that the four ranch hands on their horses were already far away over the rolling hills. A billow of dust laid itself lazily down over the sage brush.

Old Jim shook his head and smiled sadly. No - he could never do it again like that, not as recklessly!

He shuffled across the freshly-graded road, breathing accusations at the loose stones. These stones, pushed across his usual crossing, were strange ones. Had they, too, helped to make famous this great Cariboo Trail?

On the opposite side the house reached out to him her long white-washed logs and the shadow fingers drew him in. The breeze stirred the generous spread of Balm of Gilead trees, and sunshine played across the roof in silent laughter.

The living room of the house had been truly lived in. From the oak-stained beams, where interesting copper mugs and kegs swung emptily, to the battered masses of leather chairs and chesterfields, hours of satisfaction were evident. A huge stove, dented and rusted in places from its long years of use, shadowed one side of the room on its hammered home-made pedestal. It had a yawning hungry mouth

and would have been sadly undernourished if fed less than six cord-wood sticks at a time.

Full as the living room was with furniture and relics, it seemed vacant - save for old Jim - of those who had been its pulse. They who had sought out Cariboo as their goal a few short decades before, had been people the Cariboo would never know again. And this old ranch house known then as a road house, had a thousand times cheered the gold-seekers on their way.

It was Jim's hour to nap. He sat musing in his birchwood arm chair. Once he got up to watch a team of heavy Clydesdales draw a load of produce toward the granary. Horses could move Jim when nothing else could. He returned to his chair.

"Horses, by gad. Give me horses. You can't beat 'em! They get you anywhere." And the rocking chair seemed to pick up the word 'horses; horses, horses,' till it was but a whisper to the sleeping old gentleman.

Almost as quickly as he was asleep, old Jim was once again a young cowboy riding his favorite, Blaze - riding with all the recklessness and grace of the four ranch hands now on the distant cattle range. An exciting thing it was, roping the wild horses and herding them into barbed-wire enclosures. And romantic, too - while at night the cowboys sat their horses and yodeled softly to the captured animals till the monotony winged in sleep. Then the circling of the night-herders would cease, and underneath the orchid of a night sky, each one would spread his saddle and blanket near his horse. Tough, hard Westerners, these, and

yet strange prayers were thought, for the land of horizons stretched into a midnight sky.

These captured horses were to find their places in freight teams or in the more-elevated class of stage horses, according to their make-up, build and mould. Fortunate indeed was the horse bought by a farmer to work the land. Cariboo depended on horse power for transportation, and it was a murderous grind at times for the most willing and strongest of teams.

Old Jim's hands clenched and the sinews in his arms grew taught as again in dreams he was breaking in a team of hell-tooters, and bringing them to quiet submission.

Then sleep winged in scenes of his life as a roadhouse keeper.

It was very early one bright summer morning. A tall slim teamster, whose thoughts and words were none other than of horses, grabbed the pommel of the saddle on one of the massive wheel horses, and swung easily into it. A long black-snake was coiled neatly around his neck and shoulders, but it was seldom used. This teamster and his horses had an intimate understanding of each other. A slightly higher inflection in his voice called for ready obedience. His hand grappled the long leather jerk-line. There was a short, sharp flick of the wrist, and a ripple curled up the line, conveying the teamster's meaning to each horse.

"Ho, Pete,sw-i-i-i ng." The horses, guided by their leaders, tightened up the rigging. Then, holding it so, they crossed their forefeet over some ten or fifteen paces, then stopped. A faint

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Know your B.C. TREES

This Is Not SOLITUDE

by H.B. Binney

" To sit on rocks, or muse o'er flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominion dwell,
And mortal foot hath ne'er or rarely been;
With the wild fowl that never need a fold,
Alone o'er steep and foaming falls to lean -
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with Nature's charms and view her
stores unrolled."

— Author unknown

There is an interesting little brochure published by the Forestry Sub-Department of Queensland, Australia, which bears the rather provocative title of "Improve Your Acquaintance With Forestry". Scores of similar disquisitions are produced by scores of similar Departments the world over but it is definitely of importance to improve our acquaintance with the trees that make up the forests first.

It seems that very few people worry much about the identity of trees. Their good friends that provide lumber for their houses, shade for their pleasure, fruit for their delectation, safe harbours for much of their wild life, and perform literally thousands of other unrecognized services remain anonymous

Here in B.C., where woodworking forms the backbone of our provincial economy, some knowledge regarding the raw material is, perhaps, of greater interest than, say, in South-West Africa which is only 0.5 percent forested. Forests cover a little better than one fifth of the total land area of the world, and about one-third of the area of North America. Perhaps, our trees are so familiar that they have bred a contempt, thoroughly undeserved it is true, but nevertheless carried to the point where even their names

are ignored.

British Columbia does not possess the great variety of tree species to be encountered in the peninsula area of Ontario which boasts such charming specimens as the 'Tulip Tree' and the 'Black Walnut' and others. But B.C. has more cone-bearing trees and lumber producers, the former including three true Firs, the Douglas Fir, two Hemlocks, three Larches, two Cedars, four Spruces, five Pines and two Junipers. Some of these are scarcely practical lumber producers; this with special reference to the Junipers. Among the commonest of the Broadleaved trees are the Maples (8), the Alders (8), the Birches (8), the Poplars (8) and the Willows which are very numerous.

It is not the intention to be terrifically technical in describing some of our native trees but it does seem necessary to mention the main divisions of Plant Life in order that later reference may be clearly understood. The only sure method of tree identification are those botanical, and the only positive nomenclature is similarly botanical. Many Botanical names are descriptive as, for example, any name with "phloia" in it has reference to the bark; e.g. "Eucalyptus salmone-



(2) *MADRONAS* (*Arbutus menziesii*)
A broad-leaved evergreen.



(6) *WHITE PINE, WESTERN* (*Pinus Monticola*) An excurrent tree.



(18) *WESTERN RED CEDAR* —
(*Thuja plicata*).

phloia", the "Salmonbark Eucalypt of Australia; "Macro" signifies large; e.g. "Acer macrophyllum", the 'Broadleaved Maple'; "micro" means small; "oxylon" refers to the wood, and so on. Some names are derived from the names of the first discoverer of the plant, or the first importer of it, such as "Arbutus menziesii", the Madrona of the coast, called after the great naturalist 'Menzies', who accompanied Captain Vancouver to our shores many years ago. Others are named from their range such as "Aesculus californica" and "Juniperus utahensis", the California Buckeye and Utah Juniper respectively.

Within one Plant Family there are usually a number of 'Genera'; within a 'Genus' there may be up to a thousand 'Species', while 'Species' are occasionally divided yet again into *Varieties*. There are further divisions larger than Families such as Orders, Classes and Phylums but these need not concern us here at all. Let us consider in tabular form the botanical identification of two well known B.C. Trees, one a Conifer, the 'Lodgepole Pine' (fig.25), and the other a broadleaved tree, the 'Broad-leaf Maple', (figs. 9 & 12).

Lodgepole Pine	Broadleaf Maple
Coniferae	FAMILY..... Aceraceae
Pinus	GENUS..... Acer
Contorta	SPECIES.... Macrophyllum
Latifolia	VARIETY.....

Naturally, the larger the division the easier it is to identify. All trees with enclosed seeds belong to "Angiosperms" and all with unenclosed seeds belong to the "Gymnosperms". This forms an obvious distinction but the variation between varieties or species is sometimes very minute. Only slight differences occur between 'White' or 'Canadian' Spruce and 'Engelman' Spruce, the shape of the tips of the cone scales being about the best criterion. Both trees grow in the interior of B.C. and for practical purposes are just about the same.

Points of distinction between various divisions occur in bark, leaves, fruit, flowers, range, form or habit. Form is

illustrated in particular in Figure 16 where the 'Amabilis' Fir in the centre of the group is clearly distinguished by its form from the 'Douglas' Firs surrounding it. Habit is demonstrated in Figures 6 and 17; the 'White' Pine in the first picture being 'excurrent' or having one main stem with numerous branches radiating from it, and the 'Linden' or 'Basswood' in Figure 17 being 'deliquescent' or with a short trunk dividing early into several main stems. The Maple in Figure 9 is another example of deliquescence. 'Range', concerns the localities where the tree grows and its most obvious assistance in identification evolves from its tying certain species down to certain areas. In southern B.C. however, innumerable 'exotic' trees have been imported and flourish happily far from their natural range, a fact which may tend to confuse the issue when attempts are made to identify a tree by its range. The 'Linden' in Figure 17 is far from its natural range.

"Flowers" and "Fruit" in most cases are hard to distinguish and scarcely necessary as adjuncts to assist in separating B.C. Trees, though, botanically, they are of prime importance. The shape, colour, size, venation and position of tree leaves help materially in classifying them and, for most broad classifications, such as between genera, the bark is also useful. The illustrations of the boles of several trees will demonstrate this.

But now enough of generalities. It is time to consider a few specific trees of British Columbia, and to define, where possible, their identifying characteristics.

The DOUGLAS FIR *Pseudotsuga taxifolia*

Away back in 1895 a tree was cut in the Seymour Valley near North Vancouver the butt log of which measured approximately 25 feet in diameter. Its reputed height was 417 feet. It was a monster, a Goliath among trees, and it was a Douglas Fir.

Photographs remain showing the butt log, the measurement of which is consequently authenticated to a fairly



(15) DOUGLAS FIR (*Pseudotsuga taxifolia*)

reliable degree. Had this tree not been cut - and what a mighty chore the cutting must have been in the pre-chain-saw days! It would have been the tallest tree in the world, the present tallest being a "Redwood", known as "Founders" Tree, in California.

On the Pacific coast Douglas Fir ranks next to the Redwoods for size and grandeur. Logs worth small fortunes have been rolled into Puget Sound and doubtless, other waterways. The wood is renowned for its stiffness and for the great variety of uses to which it can be put, though timber produced from interior Douglas Fir is definitely inferior to that produced on the coast.

But the Douglas Fir has other claims to distinction. *Primarily*, it is not a true Fir. It is one of about nine species the generic name of which means "False Hemlock". The specific name of the B.C. species means "leaves like a yew", so that taken all around, the Douglas Fir is quite a botanical hodge-podge.

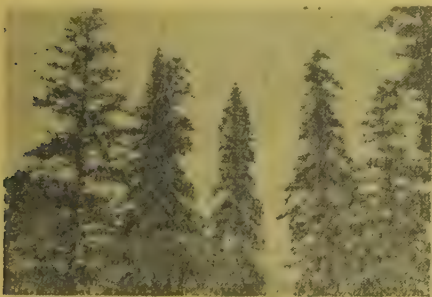
Figure 17 shows one of the distinguishing features of the Douglas Fir, namely, its rough, fissured and extraordinarily thick bark. The cones are also distinctive and offer an opportunity for identifying one of the tallest plants in the world by going around with one's nose to the ground. These cones have a three-pointed exserted bract which protrudes from beneath the cone scales and is a champion clue to identification since it does not appear on the cones of other B. C. conifers. The 'Shasta Red Fir', and the "Noble Fir", and the rare and curious "Bristlecone Fir" all show exserted



(20) FOLIAGES OF SOME B.C. CONIFERS. Top row L. to R., Amabilis Fir, Western Hemlock. Bottom row L. to R., Sitka Spruce, Western Red Cedar.



(21) Young foliage of three B.C. Broad-leaved trees, L. to R., Willow, Maple, Alder.



(16) Note the different form of Amabilis Fir (centre) and Douglas Fir.



(23) GARRY OAK

bracts but none of these grow in B.C., and the cones are utterly different in size, shape and habit from those of the Douglas Fir.

If such distinctive features as these cones and the thick, furrowed bark are not considered sufficient evidence to identify the Douglas Fir, we can mention the leaves or, as they are commonly called, the "needles". These are flat and blunt with, maybe, a slight groove on top. In that they are attached to the twigs by individual stems, they resemble those of the Hemlock, but Hemlock leaves are distinctly more delicate in appearance. Furthermore, if we want to be fussy we can cut the needle across: if it is Hemlock it will have a single 'resin duct'; if it is Fir, it will have two.

Young Douglas Firs bear a resemblance to True Firs or Balsams in that they have small "blisters" or resin pockets on their trunks. Distinction between the two genera is afforded by the presence of the distinct leaf stalk in the Douglas Fir, and its absence in the case of the "Balsams".

But, enough! Never again shall we confuse a Douglas Fir with any other tree or run away with the idea that it is just a Devil Club in disguise.

The WESTERN WHITE PINE

Pinus monticola

We mentioned that the Douglas Fir was the sole B.C. representative of a Genus containing about nine species. The Pines, (Genus 'Pinus') are something else again as their tribe numbers somewhere around a hundred species. At that they are few compared with the Eucalyptus of Australia which have about 405 species, the Acacias with about 800, and the Oaks with about 250 or so. B.C. has 5 Pines; maybe six, though the sixth is a matter of debate. If we care to include varieties in our calculations, then there are seven.

Pines are at once distinguishable by the fact that their leaves occur in clusters with two, three, four or five individuals in each. The 'Pinon', 'Nut', or 'Single-Leaf' Pine which, if my memory serves me aright is the State Tree of Nevada, alone among North

American Species, has single needles. Larch or Tamarack needles likewise occur in clusters but the number per cluster is far greater, running generally from twelve to forty. This would serve to distinguish the Larches and the Pines in Summer. In Winter the former have discarded all their needles, being deciduous while the latter retain their needles anywhere from two to eight years.

The White Pine, sometimes called 'Silver Pine', (*Pinus monticola*) does not penetrate the interior of B.C. and is disappearing elsewhere due to disease and cutting. Its needles occur in bundles of 5 as do those of the 'Limber' and 'Whitebark' Pines, but the latter are essentially trees of the high altitudes which the 'White Pine' is not. There is very little danger of confusing the White Pine with other trees indigenous to B.C. as the only other Pine which appears near it is the Lodgepole Pine with only two needles in a cluster.

Figures 4, 5 and 6 show the needles, the rather smooth bark and the general appearance of a White Pine. This particular specimen is open-grown and, in consequence, shows long stout limbs practically down to the level of the ground. No such limbs would be found in a forest-grown specimen, its trunk forming a long, slender and clean shaft and providing in the form of lumber all such material as interior trims, sash and doors and a certain amount of 'knotty pine' panelling.

And so, having encountered the parlour door in its wild state and being fully able to recognize it, we shall pass on to the consideration of one of its forest companions.

The AMABILIS FIR

- *Abies amabilis* -

True Firs, of which the 'Amabilis' Fir is one, are more generally known as the Balsams. Actually, the Balsam Fir is not a native of the west, but rather of the Eastern part of Canada and the north-east part of United States. The Pacific slope boasts quite a number of true Firs, and a considerable number of them go under the 'trade name' of 'White Fir'. The Bal-

sams have several characteristics by which they may be recognized. Their bark is smooth and grey except at the base of large trees where it is furrowed. It is quite heavily blistered and it is from these blisters or 'resin pockets' that the true Balsam of the East yields 'Canada Balsam'.

The crown of the Balsams is deep, narrow and conical, (Fig. 16). A Balsam twig is smooth because the falling needles leave only circular scars when they become detached.

The cones of the true Firs are quite distinctive. They grow in an upright position unlike the pendant cones of Spruce, Hemlock, Douglas Fir and other Pines. However, they favour the top of the tree unlike those of the true Cedars which are somewhat similar at first glance, but which grow on the lower branches as well as in the dizzy heights. Moreover, Balsam cones are deciduous as to the scales. When ripe, the scales drop off and leave a central axis projecting perpendicularly from the bough like a candlestick.

There are three species of true Fir in B.C., namely, Amabilis, Grand and Alpine. The first and second, and the first and third may be found in association. The Grand Fir and the Alpine Fir seemingly avoid one another.

The Amabilis Fir may be distinguished by its very lustrous green foliage, that of Grand Fir tending to a yellow-green, and that of Alpine Fir being distinctly blue-green. The lower leaves of Amabilis Fir are not as distinctly notched at the ends as are those of the Grand Fir, and they do not share the habit of density and crowding towards the upper side of the branch as in the Alpine Fir.

Size is a poor measure by which to distinguish trees, but it may reasonably be said that the Amabilis Fir is larger than the Alpine and smaller than the Grand. Finally, the cones of the Amabilis Fir are deep purple in colour and larger than those of the Alpine Fir. The cones of the Grand Fir are characteristically yellow-green.

The wood of the Amabilis Fir is soft, light, weak and prone to decay

though it is used for the manufacture of pulp for paper and similar products.

The SITKA SPRUCE

Picea sitchensis

There are four species of Spruce in British Columbia, and the most prepossessing is the 'Sitka' Spruce. The Sitka Spruce of the Queen Charlotte Islands supplied enormous quantities of lumber for the manufacture of plywood for aircraft during the war. Sitka Spruce does not penetrate very far into the interior of the Province.

A characteristic feature of most Spruces is their four-angled leaves. These are very distinct in all Pacific species except the Sitka Spruce and the Weeping Spruce of south-western Oregon and northwestern California. Needles of the Sitka Spruce are only indistinctly 4-angled, but the shape in the remaining species is very evident. A Spruce needle rolled between the fingers feels like a matchstick.

The light, scaly bark of the Sitka Spruce is shown in Figure 10, but it has an additional characteristic which is unmistakable. Grab hold of a twig by the needles and you will think twice before you do it again. They are prickly enough to be regarded highly by some people as a protection for Christmas trees, albeit a little hard on toy balloons.

Older members of the Sitka Spruce company produce enormous swollen butts and grow to some very imposing sizes. The cones are comparatively small and hang down conspicuously from the branches.

The WESTERN HEMLOCK

Tsuga heterophylla

The Hemlocks bear some resemblance to the Douglas Firs which, as has been pointed out, are botanically 'False Hemlocks'. However, the foliage of the true Hemlocks is far finer and more graceful than that of the Douglas Fir, and the tree has a drooping habit not seen in the Fir. The leaves are attached by a distinct stem as in the Fir, but have only one resin-duct



(22) GARRY OAK *Quercus garryana*
The only native B.C. Oak.



(11) WESTERN HEMLOCK (*Tsuga heterophylla*)



(19) WILLOWS (*Salix* spp).

as compared to two in the case of the False Hemlocks. In the matter of cones also, differences exist for the Douglas Fir shows exerted bracts

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Story of the GIANTS

A True Tale Of Indian Folklore, Hitherto Unpublished

by **Father Francois Marie Thomas**

This is a tale that was told and retold around the camp-fire, the smoke lazily curling up and snuggling into the darkness and the silence broken only by the voice of the speaker and the stillness of the night. Mosaic like, an incident here, and explanation there, the tale unfolded until completed, resplendent in every detail. In it we find traces of the Indians' primitive belief in a Supreme Deity, and a world governed by spirits, good and bad. The good spirits were invoked under the form of Totems and titular gods. The bad or evil spirits were placated by the witch doctor. We can trace, too, a belief in the immortality of the soul and a world after death.

Not far from the village of Kluzkuz Lake, along the Blackwater River trail, is an island. About a mile long, it is shaped like a human body, lacking head and legs. This is said to be the body of Noalton. Above the bank of the river stands a rock, some five feet high. Legend claims this to be the petrified body of the wife of Wapitzi.

Noalton and Wapitzi were giants. Great hunters were they, huge and mighty men. Caribou weighing half a ton they carried at their belt like a trinket. These were the "viri formosi" of Virgil and the giants of early biblical times. Noalton and Wapitzi hated each other with a hatred as gigantic as their stature. So it was that one day Wapitzi and his youngest son were walking through the woods. His other son had gone forth earlier to hunt. Coming to a clearing in the woods, Wapitzi sent his boy to see

if all was clear. The boy returned shortly saying he saw nothing. "Return again and look well," said Wapitzi. In a few minutes the boy came running back. "Father, I see as it were a tree moving, and a man much bigger than I upon it." So, thought Wapitzi, my enemy Noalton is here.

Now it was winter and Noalton was fishing through a hole in the ice with a spear. Wapitzi realized that here was a chance to take Noalton by surprise and slay him. Giving a stone axe to his boy, he said, "Come and help me when I call and need you." And he began to creep quietly towards the hole in the ice. Noalton, engrossed with his fishing, never heard the moving figure behind him. Suddenly he was grasped from behind, thrown heavily to the ice and the spear wrenched from his hands. With a mighty blow Wapitzi broke the spear over his knee and tossed the pieces over his head. Today, 40 miles away from the lake, the pieces of spear, turned to stone by time, may still be seen. In the meantime Noalton had risen to his feet and the fight began. Toe to toe, head to head, the two giants fought with a fury never seen before. Their breath, coming in wrenching gasps, were like clouds of smoke in the winter's air. Their sweat, rolling off their foreheads, became small running streams upon the ice. All the while the son of Wapitzi stood watching in stunned amazement as first one and then the other would gain the upper hand. Wapitzi realized now that alone he could not overcome his adversary. "Come

quickly," he called to his son. The boy grabbed his stone axe and rushed into the fray. In his excitement he struck blow after blow, only to realize that it was his father he was hitting. Turning to Noalton, the boy with a few well aimed blows severed one leg completely and the other just below the knee. Noalton sank to the ground and Wapitzi, seizing the axe, cut off his head and threw it into the hole in the ice.

The heat of the battle had made Wapitzi thirsty. Fearing he might drink too much for his own good, he said to his boy, "When you see the ice begin cracking about us, strike me with the branch of a tree and I shall stop drinking." And placing his mouth to the hole in the ice Wapitzi drank. The waters of the river slowly receded until the ice, no longer supported, began cracking. Quickly the boy struck his father with the branch of the tree. Between mouthfuls Wapitzi cried: "Too soon. When you see the rocks and brush from the river's bottom coming through the ice, that is time enough to stop me!" Soon the boy saw rocks and brush coming through the ice and, astonished, watched his father calmly spit them out and keep on drinking. However, under the repeated blows of the boy, Wapitzi stopped drinking, murmuring "he was still thirsty." By now the ice was resting on the river bottom. From that time the Blackwater has been a very shallow river, although before Wapitzi took his mighty draught it was 150 feet deep.

There remained for Wapitzi one more task—the disposal of the two wives of Noalton. It seems that they had been at one time courted by Wapitzi but had chosen instead Noalton. Hence Wapitzi's desire to kill them. A few miles away, in company with his son he came upon the camp. He advanced carefully, as one time before he had tried to deal with them, only to be kicked and beaten and driven off. This time, too, the fury of the women proved too much for Wapitzi, who soon lay dead upon the ground.

The young boy, who had remained at a distance, hearing the cries of his father, came rushing in. In his hands he had two spears. Quickly he attacked the two women and in two swift blows ran them through. Alone he proceeded to the burial. Covering his father with a large pile of brush, he placed the bodies of the two women on top and then set fire to the pile. The flames consumed the body of Wapitzi, leaving the bodies of the women untouched. Like Lot's wife, they turned to stone and may be seen today upon the trail.

Sorrowing, the son of Wapitzi returned to find his brother and tell him the sad news. Day after day the two boys wandered aimlessly about, heartbroken, neither knowing or caring where they went and what they did. Thus it was in the course of their wanderings they found themselves at the mouth of a cave. Leaving their dog and bows and arrows at the opening, they proceeded to explore the cave. For many days, they knew not how long, as they kept no account of the time, they walked through the pitch darkness. Suddenly the cave opened up and there before them lay a strange new country. Before them was a river and on the other side the buildings of a city. Within the city could be heard the laughter and voices of people. Eagerly the boys wished to join them, but had no means of crossing. The older one cried out, "Come and get us. Come and get us." But no one answered. Tired out, the boys soon fell into a deep sleep. Suddenly they awoke. The sound of paddles upon the water could be heard. They jumped up to see a canoe approaching. And then the younger one shrieked "Those people in the boat. They are not human. Perhaps they mean to harm us." "Never fear, my brother," replied

smelling him. Suddenly went up a shout, "Keep Away. Keep Away. Unclean." In a moment the boy lay twisted and broken and dead.

The younger boy, having seen all this from his hiding place on the opposite bank, quickly re-entered the tunnel and started back. On and on and on he went till finally he perceived a shaft of light. He was back at the opening. But what was this? There was someone there! Someone who by placing his finger at the opening of the tunnel blocked out all the light! Before the boy could make a move he was caught and pulled into the daylight. "Father," he cried. For the stranger was his father, Wapitzi. Afraid to enter the kingdom of the dead and face Noalton, Wapitzi had come back to life and his old way of living. The young boy, overjoyed, proceeded to look for his dog and arrows. Of his dog, only the bones remained and the bow and arrows had hardened into stone. The trip into the cave had taken him many, many years.

'Stroller' White needs Dough

STROLLER WHITE Needed Dough

The "Whitehorse Star", edited by 'Stroller White', made an appeal for funds some thirty-odd years ago wherein Ye Oldtime Ed. made his appeal as follows:— "It is reported that one of the fastidious ladies of Dawson kneads bread-dough with her gloves on. This incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others."

"The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on; he needs bread with his shirt on; he also needs bread with his pants on, and unless some of the delinquent subscribers to the "Whitehorse Star" pay up before long, he will need bread without a blessed thing on - and Yukon is no Garden of Eden in the winter time."

Armed with snares, the boy set out after Caribou. All he could find, however, were rabbits, which he killed and brought back to the camp. Wapitzi ate little, the boy stuffed himself ravenously. Again the boy went out, this time with Wapitzi. Coming upon a large herd

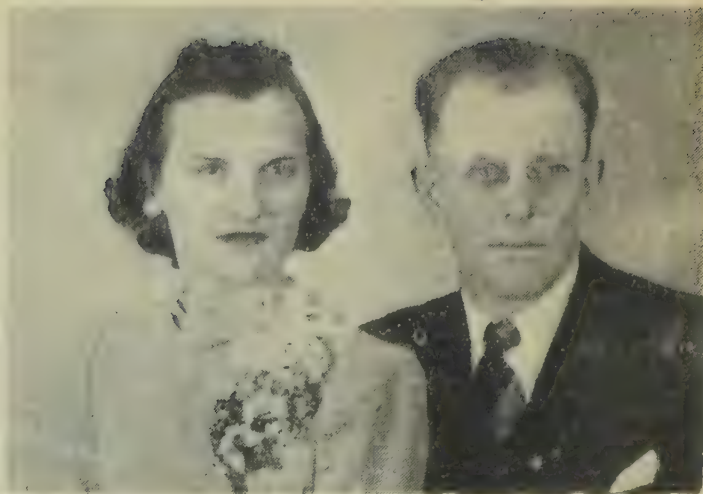
of Caribou, they killed many. These Wapitzi slung about his waist and over his shoulder and returned to meat. Piled high, there were thousands of pounds of Caribou meat. Wapitzi, at one sitting, ate everything. Still hungry, he took the boy with him and went looking for Beaver. With them went a dog and a tame grizzly bear. Coming to the river, the Giant uprooted huge poplar trees and plunged them into the waters. This broke the dam of the beaver and the waters overflowing swept away a huge mountain, making a valley of some 50 miles long, which can be seen today. Two Beaver came out and Wapitzi killed them. In his hurry to get the animals the giant fell twice into the mud and the boy laughed. Together with the dog and bear, they returned to camp. Cooking the beaver, he threw the tails to the dog and bear, eating the rest himself. The boy had to be content with what the two animals left, managing, however, to snatch part of the tail from the dog. Said Wapitzi, "I'm hungry. Throw that piece of meat into my mouth. Hold securely to a tree lest the weight of the meat carry you into my mouth and I swallow you up." Securing himself to a tree, the boy cast the huge tail into his father's mouth. So heavy was the meat that the tree bent like a bow. Breaking, it too followed the meat into the mouth of Wapitzi. The giant enjoyed the snack so much that he slit the belly of the bear and taking out the other beaver tail ate it. Then with some hair from the hide of the bear he sewed the open slit together and brought the bear back to life.

Near the island which is Noalton are several smaller islands, scarcely 40 feet across. Some say there are the stones Noalton threw at Wapitzi during their struggle. Others say they are the blankets of skin, the snares and arrows of Wapitzi. In keeping with the legend, the Indian women today decorate with ribbons and combs the rock that is said to be the petrified wife of Wapitzi. While the Indian men live again the story of the fight in word and gesture.

Omineca Ski Club

Notes on The Annual Meeting - Plus A Look At The Past

by Lyster Mulvaney



Kaare Engstad, Club Captain, with his wife, also a skiing enthusiast. - Kaare is one of the country's best instructors.

The annual meeting of the O.S.C. closed a most successful season during which much young talent was developed.

With Jack S. Brown as President; Kaare Engstad, Vice-President; Miss Colleen Redden, Secretary; and Gordon Williams, Treasurer, capably backed up by a strong executive board, the February Ski Tournament surpassed anything which had been staged since the holding of the British Columbia Championship Ski Tournament by the O.S.C. during the season of 1929-30.

The retiring secretary, Mr. Phil Hoskins, in his final report, showed the club to be in the best financial standing it has ever attained.

Plans for the 1948 Ski Tournament are already under way. The new ski jump will be constructed, the slalom hill improved, and the 50-kilometer course from the Bickle Ranch to Burns Lake carefully chained, as it is reputed to be three kilometers over the official 50. Rest stations will be relocated, and the trail blazed so as to strike the main road in several places, where cars would be available in case of accident or illness, for the 50-kilometer race is recognized as calling forth all the skill and stamina of the most hardy ski runners.

The Vice-President, Kaare Engstad, is also Club Captain, and is well-known to be one of the best instructors in the art of skiing in America. Under his tutelage, Larry Taylor will soon be qualified to be

Club Captain. With the O.S.C. now going stronger than ever, there have been many requests to give the history of the Club, and from the day of its first organization, the following articles are transcripts from the files and from the copies of the Canadian Ski Annual:

Early in September, 1927, an impromptu gathering of timber cruisers and trappers settled down for a comfortable evening in the cozy sitting room of the Omineca Hotel. The personnel of the party was decidedly cosmopolitan, with a slight Scandinavian majority, and in the course of the evening the matter of forming a Ski Club was discussed, decided on, and a general meeting called for October 15th in the Community Hall at Burns Lake.

On that occasion ski enthusiasts arrived from all points in the Lakes District. The election of officers and the usual routine were speedily disposed of, followed by a most enjoyable dance.

The officers for the season 1927-28 were as follows: Honorary President, Olof Hanson; President, Lyster Mulvaney; First Vice-President, John Berg; Second Vice-President, Pit Sandnes; Secretary, Ken Warner; Treasurer, A. M. Ruddy.

The day following the meeting, Pit Sandnes, chairman of the Grounds Committee, located the site for the jump half a mile from the centre of the town of Burns Lake, where a crescent-shaped bridge forms an admirable stand for

the spectators.

The following daybreak showed Sandnes and Espelin, with axe and saw, clearing the ground and topping the trees gradually to the crest of the hill, carrying up their tower to the very tops of the loftiest spruce and pine, and after a week's strenuous work the jump was in readiness for a snow-fall.

A smaller jump was cleared for the junior members, but quickly earned their contempt, and they sought a natural hill that was steeper and of their own choosing. A new and speedier jump is contemplated for the Fall season of 1928, as the present one is too short and slow.

The initial Ski Tournament was a purely local affair, but brought a crowd that taxed the accommodation of the embryo city to the limit.

St. Valentine's Day will be perpetuated by the Omineca Ski Club for their annual jumping events, with two additional days of ski sports, hockey matches, snowshoe and dog team races, although the ski is surely superseding the snowshoe, except in the early part of the winter, not only in sport but with timber cruiser and trapper.

We were fortunate in having ideal weather on February 14th. Snow conditions were perfect, with fifteen degrees of frost. The program was too long for a one-day tournament, and the sun had sunk behind the ski hill before the last

bugle sounded and Sandnes had taken off for his beautiful exhibition jump.

Everything went with a swing, and the onlookers, many of whom had never seen a ski jump before, were enthralled.

The principal trophies were as follows: The Olof Hanson Cup, to be won twice in the Class A combined event before becoming the property of the successful competitor at the annual event, and the name of each year's winner to be engraved on the cup. The J. C. Brady Cup for the Class D Cross-Country Run; the Birks Cup for the Class C Cross-Country Run, to be on the same terms as the Olof Hanson Cup; and the McLennan-McFeely Cup, to be won by the club member holding the best record in combined events for the 1927-28 season, with the Omineca Ski Club medals for the first and second in all events, and a good list of other prizes.

The Class A Cross-Country Run was flagged out by V. Schjelderup the day before the meet. Being a B.C.L.S., and also a Norwegian, when he stated that the distance was nine miles, one may depend that they were all there and the going not too easy. Ivor Fosland finished first in 1 hour 4 minutes 30 seconds, with his old schoolmate, Emil Skarland finishing 1 minute 45 seconds behind him. Knute Nysven came third, just 18 seconds later than Skarland, with Pit Sandnes touching his ski at the finish line. The last half mile was through a rolling open country, with two creek crossings through willow, in plain view of the spectators.

There were no entries for the Class B event, but the Class C Cross-Country run brought a good field to face the starters. It was run over the Class A course and won by Haaken Maydol in 1 hour 15 minutes 45 seconds, with Schjelderup second in 1 hour 18 minutes 25 seconds, and John Berg third, 2 minutes later.

The Class D Cross-Country Run (five miles) was won by Oke Stanyer in 1 hour 4 minutes 20

seconds; T. Julseth was second, 1 hour 9 minutes 15 seconds; Bud Bruncell and Dan Trousdell tying for third place.

Class E Cross-Country Run for boys under fourteen was won by John Gerow in 1 hour 7 minutes; Maynard Nourse was second, and Walter Smith third.

The afternoon sports commenced with the Ladies' Cross-Country Run and the three miles were made by Gertrude Wahman in 19 minutes 3 seconds, with Kathleen Godwin second in 19 minutes 45 seconds; Ella Sorli and Hulda Statterstrom tying for third.

And then the crowd got all the thrills they wanted. The club was fortunate in having amongst its members Messrs. Fosland and Skarland, both of whom had made the special study of judging ski events in Oslo. The clarion notes of a bugle, and Pit Sandnes led off. A perfect take-off, with the air absolutely still. His form was good, but weakened by a week's sojourn in the local hospital, whence he had practically broken out in order to compete. He was unable to make a standing jump, but won the Ruddy Special Prize for the longest exhibition jump at the finish. This after competing in the Class A Cross-Country Run and the Class A Jump.

Knute Nysven had only his running skis, but all his jumps were good and his landings perfect, the judges finding his form excellent, and giving him 18.50, and his standing jump of 97 feet the best of the day. O. Moen drew second prize as he stood at his 93 feet jump.

Knute Nysven was adjudged the winner of the Hanson Cup for 1928, Moen second and Sandnes third.

No records were kept of the novice and junior jumps, as being our initial tournament the performance was mediocre, although it certainly lost no entertainment value from the spectators' viewpoint on that account.

The thanks of the Omineca Ski Club are due to Mr. Rudolph J. Verne of the Hollyburn Ski Club for his helpful advice to our infant organization, and the West is honored indeed by his selection as a Vice-President of the C.A.S.A. We hope to be with him in his efforts to bring the East and West closer by the development of the king of winter sports. We are aiming high, for we intend bringing the Sir Henry Thornton Perpetual Trophy to Burns Lake for a 12 months' visit.

Speaking of Sir Henry, I might mention that he may almost be called a Burns Laker, as at an Indian Potlatch held here during

continued on page 95

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Prehistoric Animals of the PEACE

DINOSAURS Once Roamed Where Golden Grain Now Waves
In The Sun and Prehistoric Lizards Are Still found ALIVE Imbed-
ded In Coal Seams Deep In The Bowels of The Earth.

Imagine walking through a field of yellow-stemmed grain waving in the breeze on a farm in the Peace River District, or for that matter any farm in Western Canada, and coming face to face with a blood-curdling but harmless prehistoric monster slowly moving its 100-foot length and carrying its small brainless head 30 or 40 feet in the air.

This may seem fantastic to the average Canadian and he would find it difficult to believe that his country was once a tropical land, yet geologists tell us, and give evidence to prove that such was once the case many millions of years ago during what they call the Cretaceous Age.

X Evidence of the past presence of claw-footed monsters is visible to anyone who cares to visit the great Rocky Mountain Canyon, sometimes termed the Peace River Canyon, situated just west of Hudson's Hope,

British Columbia, about 100 miles northwest of Dawson Creek.

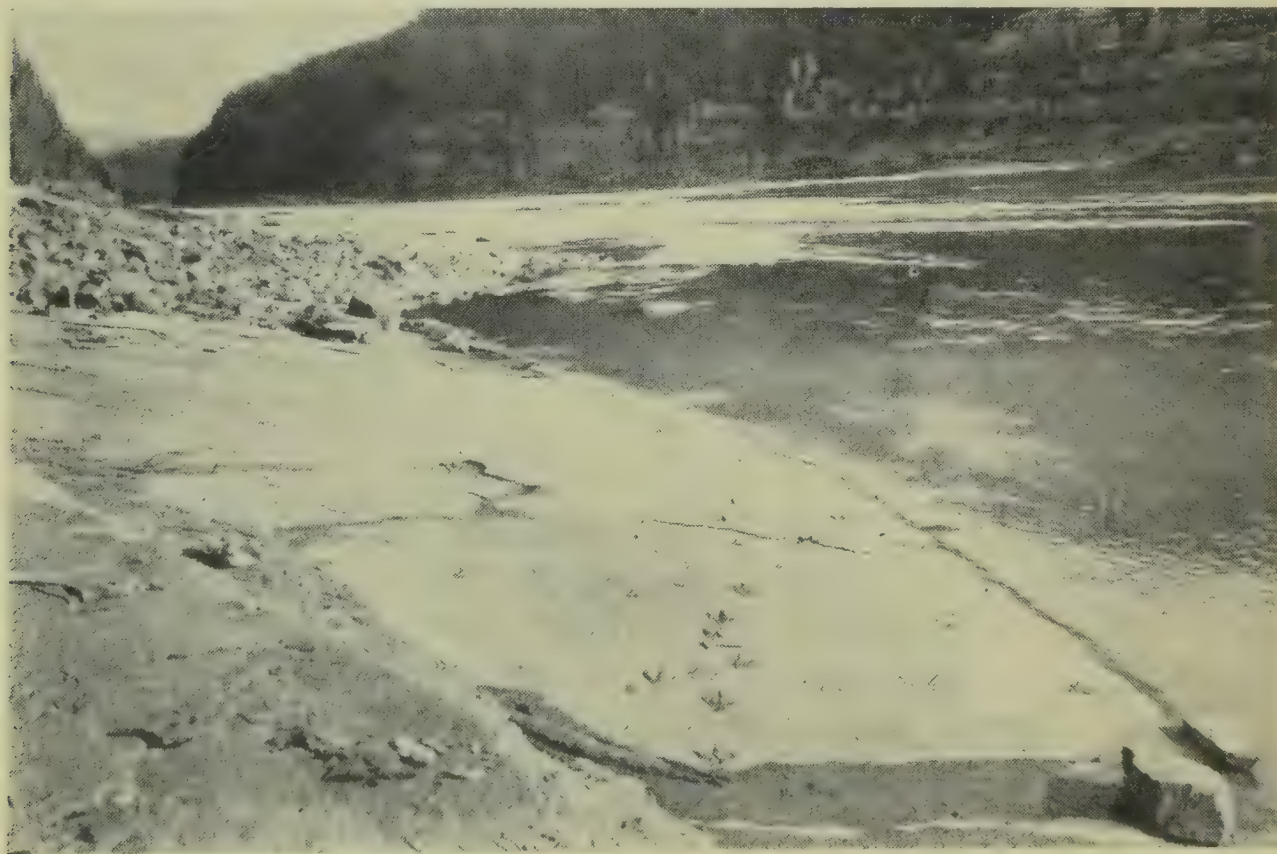
There on the floor of this large natural ditch, when the water is low, can be seen large claw-shaped footprints of prehistoric monsters

left imbedded in the hardened sandstone where they forded the mighty Peace River, and some measure more than three feet across.

Federal scientists who investigated these footprints said they found more than four hundred in the vicinity of the canyon and indications that some millions of years ago no less than eight different species of dinosaurs passed this point.

Further indication that prehistoric monsters roamed this great north at one time many years ago was the unearthing of a fossilized monster in the sandstone hills at Hillcrest, B.C., located about twelve miles northwest of Dawson Creek, during the construction of the Alaska Highway.

A resident of the Rolla district, about seventeen miles northeast of Dawson Creek, found what was said to be the remains of a prehistoric animal imbedded in the banks of the Peace River. This



Footprints of prehistoric Dinosaurs imbedded in the rocky floor of the Rocky Mt. Canyon' near Hudson Hope, B.C.

relic was reported to be about the dimensions of a deer, but in place of ordinary antlers a single straight horn protruded from the centre of the skull. It was said to be similar to the Unicorn familiarly seen on the British Coat of Arms.

When removed from its resting place in the soil, the remains immediately began crumbling into dust, thus was lost a splendid opportunity to determine whether Unicorns are only mythical or once actually existed.

The following is a news item which appeared in the Peace River Block News of Tuesday, October 13, 1931, printed at Rolla, B.C.:

"To meet creatures thousands of years old, and still living, is an experience which does not fall to the lot of many, but such was the actual surprise awaiting miners at Hudson's Hope a few days ago when working eleven feet down in the seam they unearthed two lizards imbedded in the coal. When taken out both of the batrachians were still alive, though one of them soon succumbed to the sudden change of air and temperature.

"The live sample has been packed in moss, boxed and at the moment rests in the N.A.R. express office at Dawson Creek, whence it will be shipped by Henry C. Gething to the C. M. Sternburg Geological Survey at Ottawa, Ontario.

"This is an incident which challenges the imagination and carries one back through possibly thousands upon thousands of years; for these lizards, about 12 inches long, evidently belong to the tropical conditions of the pre-glacial age, when this portion of the North American continent was covered with a dense growth of soft herbaceous plants and fern trees, with a mild damp climate; for only in such tropics today are they found in such large size and variety.

"Along with the dinosaurs and other cold-blooded creatures, they inhabited these regions until the age when the slowly advancing ice fields from the north pushed down

over western Canada and parts of the U.S.A., levelling the rank growth of vegetation and imbedding many of the living creatures in the moss.

"Since these creatures belong to the cold-blooded varieties, of which frogs, toads, snakes, etc., are modern examples, they are not provided with heating plants and could not raise or lower their own temperatures, they perforce became the same temperatures as the surrounding atmosphere, just as a stone becomes cold in cold weather and hot in the sun, in contradistinction to warm-blooded creatures, such as man, who can maintain a normal temperature in zero weather or in 100 degrees above zero. When, then, they were overtaken by the onpushing ice and cold, whole species were wiped out, and became extinct. Their remains today are frequently unearthed; but how these specimens of Mr. Gething's could remain dormant and alive during all the intervening ages, when the vegetation in which they were evidently protected from being crushed gradually changed into coal, is a question which science may or may not be able to explain. We can't.

"But what a changed world Mr. Lizard would see if his eyes still function. Rip Van Winkle was a

piker compared to this chap. While the modern Hudson's Hoppers listen to the World's Series over the radio, he probably remembers hearing some giant locust chirping elsewhere in the swamp; and in place of the grizzly on the mountainside, he is looking for the mammoth dinosaurs which darkened the sky above him. Here's hoping he may reach Ottawa in good condition and take his seat among the other noble citizens in, say, the Senate."

LIZARD DIED ON ARRIVAL AT OTTAWA

The following is a further news item on the lizard which appeared in the issue of Tuesday, October 27, 1931, Peace River Block News:

"Ottawa is skeptical over the reported find of the prehistoric lizard found alive in the deep coal seam at Hudson's Hope. Officials say no case of this kind has ever been established as genuine. Mr. H. C. Gething, who shipped these lizards to the Geographical Survey Department at Ottawa, now has a splendid opportunity to be the first individual to establish the fact and prove to the world that such things do take place and exist.

"We are advised that the one live lizard shipped died shortly after arrival at Ottawa."

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Trapper's Association Forges Ahead

Some sixty or seventy Registered Trappers were in attendance at the 4th Annual Convention of the B.C. Registered Trappers Association which went into session at Prince George on Friday, June 18th. Many of these delegates had travelled up to three hundred miles by water in order to be present at the Convention and such delegates were, in the opinion of Eric Collier, President of the Association, "some of the finest chaps engaged in the business that it has yet been my privilege to meet". Dell Miller, from Fort Ware, Sam Anderson from Fort Graham, Frank Eklund from the Findlay, J.B. Hooker of Dome Creek — they and two or three score other such operators came long and costly distances in order to present to Commissioner J.G. Cunningham, of the B.C. Game Department, a clear focus of fur conditions — as well as Big Game — in their own districts, and to suggest effective means of conservation by which such conditions could be bettered. R.L. Marsh and W. Broceus, of Quesnel, represented the Quesnel and Barkerville Trappers at the Convention.

Two of perhaps the most important items on the Agenda to come up for lengthy discussion was the urgent need of an increased bounty on wolves and coyotes, and better and more adequate protection for the Registered Trappers against the disastrous and costly depredations or fur theft. Where the predatory animal question was concerned, all trappers present were unanimous in agreeing that the unchecked

activities of wolves and coyotes were becoming a definite and real menace to the future of British Columbia's Big Game.

Eric Collier went on record as stating that not only were the Game Assets of the province so menaced but that stockmen and farmers were also paying painfully through the nose for the apparent apathy upon the part of the Government to realize that these predators did constitute a major threat to both wild life and domestic stock. Mr. Collier stated that his own trapline was situated in the heart of one of the largest beef producing areas in British Columbia (the Chilcotin), and that the coyotes in that district had increased to such an extent that they were, in the spring of the year, relying almost entirely upon domestic calves as their source of food. He stated that he knew of instances of coyotes trailing cows, waiting for them to cache their calves, and then killing the calves. It is his belief, that unless the Government awakes to the seriousness of the situation and places a five dollar bounty on coyotes the year round then the livestock industry of the Interior of B.C. will be confronted by staggering losses in the terms of dollars and cents. He went on to say that a calf thrown this spring, would, at present beef prices, be worth over \$100 to the industry two years hence, and that it was rather expensive coyote feed.

J.B. Hooker of Dome Creek together with a dozen or more trappers from

the Findlay and Peace, took the floor to speak at length on the annual loss of moose, caribou and beaver from the depredations of hungry wolf packs which sometimes numbered twelve or fifteen wolves to the band. Mr. Hooker stated that he was also a Registered Guide and as such realized the value of what a moose or caribou meant to the province. "Each moose killed by wolves," stated Mr. Hooker, "means at least a two hundred and fifty dollar loss to the province." W. 'Red' Winsor, trapper of Isle of Pierre, stated that he had counted the carcasses of eleven moose killed on the ice of one single lake by roving wolf packs.

In reply, Commissioner Jim Cunningham trailed his customary red herring across this only direct route by which the predator question could be met — Said Mr. Cunningham on the subject of bounties. "Why should the trappers and sportsmen have to foot the bill to protect the farmers and the stockmen?"

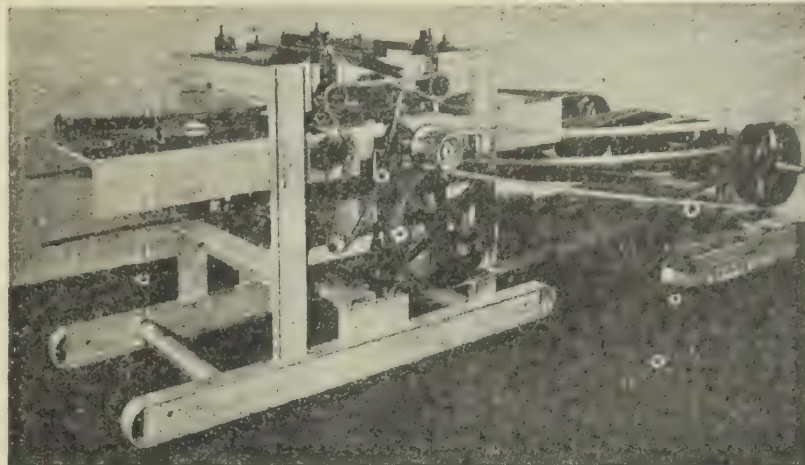
Commissioner Cunningham also stated that whereas the Registered Trappers Association had drawn up a very effective brief (this brief was endorsed by the Registered Trappers at the Convention held in Quesnel in 1946) whereby the sum of \$160,000 could be raised annually through a small increase in trapping, hunting, guiding and other licences, plus a levy of \$3.00 per one hundred head of stock from the stockmen, so far, they (the trappers) were the only interests mentioned, apart from the guides, in the brief who had

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readily agreed to contribute their share of the funds required each year, specifically - an increase of two dollars and fifty cents per year in their trapping licences. The Commissioner further stated that although he did not think that the sportsmen would object to paying their share (a 50 cent increase

in licence fees) the stockmen and farmers seemed unwilling to shoulder their share of the burden. The Trapper delegates suggested that Eric Collier again contact the Federation of Agriculture and the B.C. Beef Grower's Ass'n. to see what their present views on the subject might be.

John McInnis, M.L.A., Prince George (CCF) who was an interested listener throughout the entire Convention, and who spoke at length upon several of the resolutions presented, took the floor to say that the predator question directly or indirectly affected almost ev-

continued on page 87

American Visits Cariboo

continued from page 3

the first day's hunt, we were eager to see how the luck had run when, in the evening, the saddle-weary men rode into the little meadow. They had seen an old cow moose, and one of the horses had thrown a shoe. When the riders had eaten and their mounts were cared for, a restfulness settled over the camp. The picture of the horses snorting and stamping at the split-rail fence, the ring of the horseshoer's hammer, and the fading daylight outside the cook-house—this was a picture I shall long remember. That day, that evening alone, had been worth the last five years; and I sat as though detached from the rest of the world, in the cool grass there in the heart of huge British Columbia, absorbing all the beauty around me. I was enjoying myself in a peaceful world; I wanted to stay there for a long time.

The following day I thought I'd ride along and help the boys find some moose—or so I kidded them at the start. We covered approximately twenty miles of very rough country and I never ceased to wonder at the agility of the horses picking their way through the acres of windfalls we traversed. There were bear and deer tracks and plenty of fresh moose signs; and at noon we stopped to graze the horses. Lunch consisted of bologna and cheese sandwiches which were about an inch thick—and just as dry! A package of raisins somewhat alleviated my thirst along the trail. The kidding had turned tables by the end of the day. We hadn't seen a single moose (not even an old cow).

That night in the cook-house we had a little songfest. Ray Lilley came over from the farm with his guitar. He played anything we requested from "Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot" to Bing Crosby's stough. It was great. The boys soon joined in the chorus and before long our little shack was jumpin' with jive. I added to the din by strumming loudly on the

ukulele I had brought along for just such an occasion.

On Wednesday, our third in the Cariboo, Jack and I looked over our fishing gear. We had heard about the fine rainbow trout fishing in this region and were all set to give it a whirl. We walked a couple of miles to a small lake where we were told we could find a boat and cars tucked away in the reeds. The fish we caught weren't very large, but I've never seen such hungry ones. They viciously snapped at any lure we offered but seemed to take to the artificial flatfish most readily.

The hunting party had arrived in camp ahead of us, and a magnificent pair of antlers lay in the grass between the tents, testifying to their success that day. Thursday I once again joined the moose hunters. We rode from morning until night, but the big animals must have known I was coming, because in thirty miles of riding we never saw

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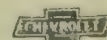
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The next day we fished a different lake, this time picking up some good-sized ones. We reloaded the Ford that afternoon and early Saturday morning said our good-byes. The interest and value of the trip had been increased ten-fold by the chance meeting of the week before, and it was with real regret that we turned away from our hosts and new friends and headed east across the ranch. We had to miss the fun of the Saturday night dance at the "hundred" if we were to see more of B.C.

I did get the chance to talk with the manager of the "100" on the way down. It interested me to learn that he had a wife in California and two sons elsewhere in the States. He told me that he enjoyed visiting down there, but for the most part preferred B.C. Though I had never been to California at the time myself, I could not help but think that his wife held some advantages when I noticed the price of his oranges.

We made a fuel stop at the 83 Mile House, and here was another instance of a Canadian-American marriage. My attention was called to it this time by the picture of an American marine on a corner table. We conversed briefly with the proprietors, comparing the winter weather of Cariboo with that of Minnesota. All agreed that the latter probably receives more snow, but that it gets colder and stays cold longer on the Cariboo plateau.

Farther down the road two cowboys in bright-colored shirts thundered across in front of us. Though they were rounding up strays, they wore revolvers and bullet-studded belts. In the fleeting moments of passage, we exchanged a silent wave, which might well have been a greeting, a salute of approval, and a farewell rolled into one. We passed on.

At Cache Creek, where we turned east to join the Trans-Canadian Highway, an Indian girl gave us the eye as she crossed the road to her mud and log house. She was carrying something warm in a covered dish. We were leaving colorful

Cariboo, a region less advertised than the Rockies or the coast, but, perhaps for that very reason, a less spoiled and more fascinating one.

By way of illustration, I would like to mention one more experience which, to me, typifies the warmth and genuineness of the people of Cariboo, and British Columbia in general. It occurred at the end of our second day of travel east from Cariboo. We were camped along the roadside about sixty miles north of Revelstoke, on the Big Bend section of the Columbia River. We had gone to bed at dusk and were lying comfortably there in our sleeping bags with a layer of pine boughs underneath us, and nothing but the stars overhead. Big trees stood out in relief from our fire-light, accentuating the surrounding blackness. Two cars had moaned by at ten-minute intervals, their headlights momentarily lighting up our little haven. It was hard to

continued on page 102

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CASTOR CADENSIS

by
CARIBOO KING



Beaver swimming in his self-made lake in Northern B.C.

To say that the beaver is an animal of "all work and no play" is far off the mark. The beaver—*Castor Canadensis*—like other animals, enjoys and delights in spring and summer months, often migrating many miles and becoming a regular tramp on occasions. In fact, there always seems to be a number of confirmed tramps in a colony, and the whole colony usually deserts its winter quarters with the spring break-up. The beaver's nomadic wanderings during spring and summer are not in keeping with the true principles of beaver life, nevertheless. Thus one is not able to lay down hard and fast rules as the beaver, like other animals, is sometimes unpredictable. This fact, however, is not a black mark against this industrious and lively animal.

When the beaver is busy, he IS busy. There is not a lazy bone in his body. But the lowly honey-bee holds the laurels for plain industriousness far beyond reach of the summer playfulness of the beaver. The red squirrel and the beaver are much alike where spring and summer playfulness is concerned, turning their activities to industry with the approach of fall and winter months. Yet the ingenuity of the beaver cannot be surpassed where engineering feats of skill are concerned, for it is a known fact that

men have marvelled at the dam-building, engineering prowess of this little animal. Engineers have taken a few pointers from beavers in the past, as the skill of this animal is intriguing and convincing.

Trapped in Southern Manitoba during the month of August, 1941, eight beaver were transferred to the Fisher River Fur Project Area, west of Lake Winnipeg. Here the beaver were released more than two hundred miles from where they were born. Their movements were carefully observed. One of the

eight beaver died, but the remainder began at once to survey the area which was to be their future home. The claim is made that these beaver travelled a distance of, approximately, one hundred miles—up and down stream, around lakes of all sizes and shapes, and through the wide marshes of the area—before finally selecting a place to build their dam.

The year previous, engineers of the Manitoba Government had also surveyed the area in connection with the development of a fur rehabilitation project, and they had marked a site for a control dam. The seven beaver, with their ingenuity and cunning, selected a spot for their dam less than twenty feet from where the engineers had placed their marking post!

When building dams, beaver do not choose their dam sites haphazardly. Surveys are made; locations are accepted or rejected with the ease of the engineer—perhaps,

with greater ease! Then the actual work on the dam commences, and the beaver actually lives up to his laurels. Utilizing the flow of the stream to hold his material in place, the beaver builds a dam that is solid and secure. His dam, it is true, is not finished with a beautiful, stream-lined effect like the lines of modern architecture. But it serves the purpose, as nature intended, to safeguard the beaver against his enemies and to preserve his posterity from generation to generation.

Although the beaver's dam-building ingenuity is not to be lightly cast aside, beaver need protection by law, as man is the beaver's enemy—most deadly! The beaver's ingenuity and cunning is not sufficient to match the ingenuity and cunning of man. Unscrupulous men have used different means on occasions to decrease the beaver population in order to line their pockets with filthy lucre. When the game authorities step down on people of this nature, they are to be commended.

It has been reported in northern B.C. that a group of nine men, during the year 1908 or thereabouts, travelled by canoe from beaver dam to beaver dam and so on, taking six hundred beaver during the spring of that year. The beaver were taken in nets. Their houses were destroyed and their dams broken

asunder, leaving them unprotected. But we may add that destruction of this kind is not prevalent today; if it were so, the beaver would not last very long. In fact, they would soon disappear altogether.

I have talked with trappers who claim that men have taken as many as two hundred beaver, representing their spring catch of furs. Whether or not this was before the days of the registered trapline, I do not know. I can hardly conceive, however, of one trapper taking this much fur in a season from a registered line. These catches must have been made in the days of pick and dynamite! Catches of this nature are more or less obsolete today . . . we hope! Conservation methods are in force today, as the trapper knows that the conservation of this animal pays dividends in more ways than one. And the registered trapline is a splendid method of fur conservation. No trapper, if he is a wise one, will deplete his beaver stock to extinction. There is nothing more forlorn than an old beaver dam and pond where this noble animal has been trapped out. It is true, however, that whole colonies will at times desert a given area. This fact is not a black mark against the trapper—simply the whims of nature. We cannot condemn the trapper where circumstances beyond his control are concerned, but



Beaver at home in the wilds

picks, axes, nets and dynamite are taboo, and the trapper who over-traps his beaver lines may be placed as a close runner-up of the "dynamiter." It has been my privilege, however, to note that the majority of trappers are fur conservationists. Their beaver lines testify to this fact. Trappers whose traplines give silent testimony that they are fur conservationists are to be highly commended. In fact, we salute them.

The muskrat, the beaver's cousin, has often been called the "king-pin" of the fur industry. It is a replica of the beaver, only much smaller, of course. It is not the exact counterpart, however, as the tail of the beaver and muskrat differ out-

continued on page 85

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When Steel Came to Prince George

by Nellie R. Campbell



January 31st, 1914 - The day Steel came to Prince George

Prince George was not always the thriving town that one sees today. It seems that every new country has its forerunners. In the north and west the Hudson's Bay Company has always been the advance runner of civilization and its posts extended to the far corners of the North American Continent and far into the Arctic Circle wherever fur was to be found.

As early as 1804 Simon Fraser had founded a Hudson's Bay Post at the junction of the Nechako and Fraser Rivers and had given it the name of Fort George, in honor of George the Third, the then reigning monarch. At that time the trade was wholly with the Indians.

The trapper and the prospector were always sure to follow in the wake of the Hudson's Bay explorers and it was not long before the white trapper had established himself within trading distance of some Post and the Indian found that he must compete with the white hunter.

Next followed the surveyors in search of a favorable route for a railroad. With the coming of steel, small towns sprang up along the route of travel and settlements were formed. In every new country there are always a few hardy pioneers that come well in advance of the steel.

So it was with the founding of Fort George. The government had surveyed a large tract of land just north of the Hudson's Bay Post, at the junction of the rivers, for an Indian Reserve. The early white settlers founded the town of Fort George just south of the "Bay," on the banks of the Fraser.

With the news that the continuation of the Grand Trunk Pacific to Prince Rupert would pass through this territory, a new townsite was immediately laid out northwest of the original town of Fort George, on the banks of the Nechako. This, too, was given the name of Fort George. The original town soon became known as South Fort George, or, as it is more often called today, simply South Town.

Many of those early settlers believed that on account of its location at the junction of two navigable rivers, the vast resources of the surrounding country as yet undeveloped, and the miles of unsettled country to the north and west with no outlet except its rivers, Fort George was destined to become one of the leading cities of Canada.

City lots were surveyed for ten miles north of the Nechako, country that was still a wilderness—the home of moose, deer and bears. Flaming posters extolled the benefits to be derived by getting in on the "ground floor." They depicted large modern school buildings, new stone office blocks and cars rolling over smooth macadamized roads. Land speculators began to arrive in Fort George. It was not long

before the flaming posters were bringing results and Eastern and American capital was pouring in, in an effort to pick up some of this choice land before it was too late.

The land boom was on. Almost overnight Fort George became a lively town. It became one of those towns one sometimes reads about but seldom sees. No other town on the North American continent could boast of a bar sixty-five feet long. Twelve bartenders dispensed drinks to the crowds that lined the bar, sometimes two and three deep, from six o'clock each morning till eleven or twelve at night. If some were carried into the "snake room" adjoining the bar, to sleep off the ill-effects of drink, it in no way dimmed the hilarity in the saloon. The town was wide open. There was once during the three years that Fort George was in the grip of the boom that the law took a hand and closed the bar for three whole days until an unusual burst of rioting had subsided. It is claimed that the owner made a hundred and sixty thousand dollars in three months.

The land companies, too, were doing a thriving business. It made little difference to them if some "choice lot" sold to an Eastern buyer chanced to lie at an angle of forty or even sixty degrees on the bank of the Nechako, or even in the flat along the river where the breaking ice backed up each spring and the swiftly running river over-

flowed its banks. They were all choice house lots. City lots ten miles out, in heavy timber, sold for two and three thousand, sight unseen.

Recently one of the oldtimers told me of driving a man out to inspect his newly acquired possessions. He had purchased city lots north of the Nechako to the amount of thirty thousand dollars. They crossed the river on a ferry and drove for ten miles over little used trails. At last he reached his corner post. The driver obligingly offered to follow up his lines for him through the dense forest, but the buyer had seen enough. His "city lots" no longer interested him, so he returned east, sadly disillusioned.

Not all, however, took their losses so philosophically. One man, on finding that his land lay beneath the icy waters of the Nechako, which was on a rampage and had just overflowed its banks, calmly filled his pockets with stones and then walked out into his inundated property.

Fort George was growing daily. New business enterprises were springing up. Steamers and scows plied up and down the rivers, bringing in the passengers and supplies. Ashcroft, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific, lay three hundred and twenty miles to the south. There was automobile service from Ashcroft to Soda Creek, but the remaining distance must be traversed by boat. The trip re-

quired four days. Passengers were allowed only forty pounds of baggage. Excess baggage was charged for at twelve and a half cents per pound.

The Grand Trunk Pacific operated a regular freight and passenger service from Edmonton to the end of the steel. Settlers were urged to club together and build their own scows at the end of the rails for freighting their goods the remaining distance into Fort George. Large quantities of supplies could be handled in this way and competent guides could be secured to bring them safely down the swiftly flowing river.

With the rapid growth of the town came the appointment of town officials. Everyone seemed eager to hold some office in this growing metropolis—even a half-witted Swede who spent much time hanging around the bar. One day, much to the amusement of the crowd gathered in the saloon, the proprietor appointed him Chicken Inspector at sixty dollars per month. There was much hilarity over this appointment, but it was no joke to Ole, who took the job quite seriously. It also was no joke to some of the citizens, who at last strongly objected to Ole's entering their chicken-houses to inspect their fowl whenever he pleased. So Ole was arrested. The story came out in court and the perpetrator of the joke not only paid court costs but

Ole's salary as well.

In those days, Charles Miller of Toronto, the instigator of the famous stork Derby, was the managing director of the British Columbia Express Company, which operated a stage line from Fort George to Ashcroft. Although it was a distance of three hundred and twenty miles and the road ran through rough and rocky country, the stages were run on schedule time and were seldom late, as the stage horses were changed every fifteen miles along the entire route. The company had its own carriage makers, its own blacksmiths that saw that the horses were always well shod, and the animals used were kept in first-class condition.

Miller became greatly interested in the rapidly growing town and purchased a thousand acres of land for speculation. This section of the town is still known as the Miller Addition.

When the Grand Trunk Pacific suddenly purchased the Indian Reserve from the Government for its townsite, all building in Fort George ceased. One by one the businesses moved to the new townsite, which the railroad officials had named Prince George. Controversy was rife among the settlers, for many maintained that Fort George, the name of the old Hudson's Bay Post, a name known throughout the West for over a hundred years, should

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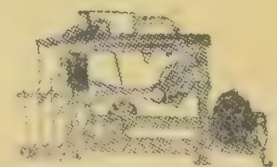
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The Editors go Fishing

or HOW TO CATCH THE BIG ONES
at NINE-MILE LAKE — In 1000 Easy Lessons

Six P.M. on a day late in May found your editor sitting back comfortably in his swivel chair, his feet planted on the desk, apparently doing nothing. Exactly how '6 P.M.' did this isn't quite clear. Whether it came in and said saively, "Ah, there you are, my good chap. I've found you - but really." and I was too preoccupied to hear, or even recognize the English accent (all time originates in Greenwich, England, you know), or whether it just came in through the keyhole or crawled out of a crack in the wall, silently observed, and then as silently departed, I will never know. Neither will you, but then it really doesn't matter because it makes not the slightest difference to this little tale.

What does matter, is that though to outward appearances he was doing nothing, your ed. was nevertheless performing a worthwhile job, for the window was open and a balmy breeze was whipping about the room, and the heels of your editor's number elevens were planted firmly on the overflowing unanswered-letter basket to keep various important messages from blowing away. . . . After a hectic week of last minute changes, cancellations, proofs, corrections and whatnot, the Spring issue of our Travel Guide was finally off in the mails. — The clicking linotype no longer clicked, the rumbling presses no longer rumbled, the whirring motors no longer whirred (or whatever it is *they* do); in fact things were so quiet that your editor almost quit breathing just so's not to disturb the shop's state of suspended animation. — The sunlight was streaming in

through the big windows and all was peaceful. There was nothing to be done that could not be left till tomorrow, or the next day, — or even the next week, and ye ed. was just sitting there and getting used to the fact that he would not have to come back that evening and work till ten P.M. or later; that he could, in fact, just lie in the hammock after supper and read a *good* magazine, when Vern popped in. Vern is the assistant editor — in charge of tourist information.

He had a gleam in his eye which could mean anything, - anything from the fact that he had just spotted the first low-slung tourist car of the spring season - with tourists sticking out all over it like pins from a cushion, to the fact that we would have to re-run the entire Travel Guide because he had mistakenly told the tourists that the fish in Klumgootcha lake (100 miles to the west - and to which there was no road) grew to 20 pounds and had green eyes, when they actually only grew to 19 pounds and had pink-eye. (Vern's a stickler for details like that - always wanting his stuff to be accurate)

He flipped my feet off the desk, sat down on it and eyed me steadily. Some how I felt that the peace and quiet of the afternoon was about to be shattered. He pointed a long finger at my nose, and said, "They're biting."

"I know they are, but I get tired of slapping at them," I replied irritably, as I brushed off one of the dive-bomber type of genuine Cariboo mosquito



The one 'that got away' — as it would have looked had not Ye Ed. offered quite so much advice. . .

that had just zoomed into my left ear.

"Oh, forget the mosquitoes," he said impatiently. "I'm speaking of trout - trout at Nine-Mile Lake. Docherty's just now come in and he says the lake is lousy with them, and they're taking flies."

"You don't say!" says I, letting the front legs of my chair down with a thud. "Lousy with them, eh! — Why, we'll take the camera and get some shots of the big ones for the next issue - so that people will know where to go. . ." I was reaching for the phone. " . . and how to get there, and all that sort of bunk. . . "

"What you going to do?" Vern asked.

"Why, phone Docherty of course, and ask him if he's got any big ones, and if so, ask him not to cut them up till we can get a picture of them. Why, what else is there to do?"

A pained expression crossed Vern's face. "You don't get it," he said. "It's no use photographing dead fish," he said, "especially when they're hours old and out of their element."

"I know, but I'm darned if I know how you're going to photograph them *alive* and *in* their element." I snapped back. "Cameras don't work under water you know, and if they did, I doubt if you'd get a trout to

stay put and smile while you snapped his picture. . . . I really think you carry this business of being tourist editor a little too far altogether."

Vern's pained expression on his face got about 10 degrees more painful looking and appeared as though it was about to descend to some lower part of his anatomy. "Did you ever see a dead fish?" he asked. "One that the sun has been shining on all afternoon and been kicked around the bottom of a rowboat?"

"Sure," I said. "Plenty of them."

"Well, do you honestly think that anyone's going to drive 3 or 4 thousand miles up to Quesnel clear from Mexico, Florida, Toronto or Timbaktu if the best illustration we can print of the fishing around here is a dried-up, wrinkled, fly-specked and very dead trout that looks like something left over from 'bargain-day' at the fish market?"

"Well. . .," I said hesitantly, "you may have a point there, alright. But what'll we do then?"

"Ah, that's better!" he exclaimed. "I knew you'd see the point. . . that you couldn't be as dumb as you looked."

"Oh, yeah," I said, quick as a flash, just to let him know he wasn't so cute. (This is a favorite and much used expression of all kinds of people - from the highest to the lowest - people who's minds are slow, such as morons and so on) I sneered at him and tried hard to think up a really smart comeback but nature was against me - Spring

was in the air - a balmy breeze was blowing - birds twittered in the trees outside the door - and besides he was exercising his vocal cords again.

"What we want are *action shots*," he said eagerly, "right out at the lake." We'll see R.L. Marsh, arrange for one of his boats, and go out after supper. - Get the idea? Just the two of us, no wives, no kids, nobody to bother us. You, being the camera expert, can take pictures of me when I hook the big ones."

"When *you* hook them?" I raised my eyebrows an inch or so. "Why not *me* hooking them?"

"Because I don't know how to operate that high-faluting camera, that's why. And the pictures have to be *good*, and that's why, my boy, it'll have to be *you* taking the pictures and *me* hooking the fish. After all, someone has to be catching them and there'll only be the two of us." He grinned quite pleased with himself. (Incidentally, Vern has nice white teeth - I just thought you'd like to know)

"You sure got it figured out neat," I said as sarcastically as I could.

"Aw, c'mon. Don't be a spoil-sport," he said. "Besides, you owe it to your public. Can't you just *see* what a swell spread it will make? - Real *action* shots. The boat out in the middle of the lake - a man standing, straining - the rod bent double - a silvery rainbow breaking water - the singing reel. . . . Gosh!"

It sounded alright - much better

than a picture of a dead fish, I'll admit. I guess he could see I was weakening, because he came out with a clincher.

"Tell you what," he said. "After I catch the first fish or two and you get the snaps we need, why you can catch some. After all Docherty said the lake's really lousy with them, and so even *you* might be able to hook one."

That did it. No two-bit 'tourist' editor was going to insinuate that I couldn't catch fish with the best of them, and not be made to eat his insinuations.

I literally bounced out of my chair. "It's a date," I said, looking him square in the eye. "And heaven help you if there's no fish in the lake and you've just been day-dreaming again!"

We closed shop, and parted, agreeing to meet at the Camp Store across the river at seven-fifteen. As I walked home thinking about the proposed trip I began to feel a little better. In fact the further I walked the better I felt about it. - The blue lake - the green trees - a few fleecy clouds overhead - a bottle of beer dragging behind, cooling in the deep waters - the big ones jumping clear of the water to get at my expertly cast fly - the swift tug, and the ensuing battle - Boy, what could be sweeter? The weariness that had gripped me all afternoon just fell off me in big chunks the more I thought about it. Why, people, drove thousands of miles to be able to do just that.

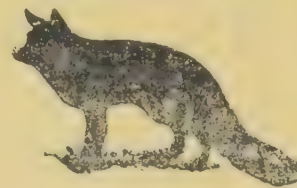
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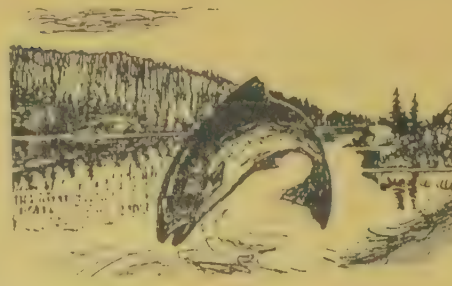
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Dawson Creek, British Columbia

Perhaps the reader will wonder why this long preamble relating to exactly how we came about deciding to 'tell all' about Nine-Mile Lake, for the greater good of the noble Brotherhood of Piscatorial Artists. Well, its like this — In the 34 years taht I have been reading everything from the name of the maker of my baby bottle when I was a wee tike, to sardine tin labels, and in more mature years Frank Merriwell, Dick Tracy and occasionally Dorothy Dix, I have found that no literary work is complete without a very vague succession of words (having no bearing on the plot whatsoever) known as an 'introduction', wherein the author just ambles along - getting up steam, so to speak, and waiting for ideas to catch up to him. Sometimes they never do, and the author never does get up steam but just ambles his way through the entire dreary business - in which case the first part, being the first of his 'amblings', is known as the 'pre-amble'. The next part is the 'mid-amble', and so on. . . There's usually another part called the 'conclusion' No good piece of writing should ever be without one of these — This is the place where she should marry the moneybag-s and live 'happily ever after' - (after he dies of apoplexy or old age, and leaves her all his money). If this happens in the beginning of the book, you can tell that the author doesn't know beans about writing. The pre-amble and conclusion serve the same purpose as does bread in a sandwich — it sort of holds things together



and hides the mess in between. You can get away with murder in between — three or four of them if you like (it all depends on your tastes, and the kind of stomach you've got for such things). Any number over two automatically brings the book up to the rating of a 'classic', which are the kind in the hard covers. Some authors, of course, don't bother with conclusions at all. They dispense with it entirely, regarding it as something which belongs to the feudal age, and are completely 20th Century in their style and leave everybody and everything up in the air, like the U.N. Conference. This is the 'kind where the disillusioned heroine does away with herself by jumping out of an airplane, or cutting her throat with a dull razor or a can-opener, rather than face life in the open sunshine (It's the 'modern' touch) This type of work seldom attains to the status of a 'classic', and merely becomes a best-seller for a few years, allowing the author to become filthy rich and buy a half-dozen yachts and villas and renders him useless for further work. . . . With Classical writers it is different. No true 'classic' is

given any recognition or appreciation until after the author is quite dead — preferably, by slow starvation — for money would contaminate the author's soul, after which it would be difficult for the public to determine whether the joyful spirit in his writing was the result of a 'pure spirit', or a full belly, which would never do. And so, most 'classical' writers die young and scrawny, and. . . But enough of this.

I seem to have been side-tracked, or have I? Let's see now. . . The preamble is over, and - Oh, yes. . . Well, we had given ourselves about half an hour to get ready in. It wasn't much time, but it was time enough to get home, gulp supper, grab our tackle, put the baby out, say goodbye to the cat, kiss the wife, and after a glance at the weeds, get to our meeting place.

Everything went according to plan, and I arrived a full 13 seconds ahead of Vern, which time I used to get a key to one of the doats.

"How did you make out?" I asked, piling in beside him.

He scratched his jaw thoughtfully. "Not bad," he reflected as we got under way, "but we'd better bring back some fish, or the wife says she'll take over for the next issue, and tell them where they can go alright, and it won't be Nine-Mile Lake!"

"Look who's worrying now," I said. "Buck up. We'll get 'em! Why it's our bounden duty to let people know where to go to get fish, and where NOT to

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As I See It

A REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS AND TRENDS

by John A. Fraser



►The Moscow Conference, now over, appears to have decided one thing definitely, and that is that while our friends and allies, the Russians, want everything they can get by entreaty or militancy, there is one thing they do not want and that is WAR.

While the returning delegates wish us to clearly understand that more was accomplished than appears on the surface, the conference must have assured the visiting representatives that there still remains a fair chance that the Russians will eventually decide to lend an ear to sweet reasonableness.

►Great Britain proceeds slowly and calmly with her Socialistic program, but most certainly conditions, both climatic and industrial, are not making it a path of roses for the Labour Government.

►France is still in the throes of political unrest because of the same situation that was one of the causes of her downfall, viz; no clear majority for any of her many political parties to be able to decide on a sound economic and financial policy and be able to have behind it sufficient strength to submit it and carry it through without depending on some of the minor parties to implement it.

►In the United States world leadership is clearly indicated in the Truman policy of aid to Greece and Turkey. The day of isolationism is a thing of the past, and while the recent policy of giving a hand in World affairs is a hopeful sign, one cannot be too sanguine that there does not remain a bulwark of the century-old spirit of seclusion.

►In our own Canada the topic of immediate concern is the recent budget which materially reduces taxation. Let us not forget however, that to expect a reduction of taxation to pre-war levels is about the same wishful thinking as expecting to really find a pot of gold at the end of the rainbow.

Let us not forget that the interest on our National Debt now requires an amount equal to what we spent on our whole economy before the war. In pre-war times we got along nicely with an all-inclusive expenditure of about five hundred millions per year. Our budget at the present time is about four times that amount, consequently our taxes are bound to be in the exact same proportion. Governments do not provide the money. The taxpayer is obliged to do that little chore.

►At no time in our history was it more necessary for an expansion of our economic, industrial and financial life than now. The resources are there. We must see that they are developed. We have plenty of room to get to work with policies that will increase the population by the same ratio, making us a nation of 40 million people. Our most competent observers have only one fear of a recession, and that seems to stem from what will happen

if the economy of the United States goes into a tail spin. Unquestionably, if that happens, the effect will be adverse.

►And how about our Government Wheat Policy? Do our B.C. farmers relish the idea of selling wheat only to the Wheat Board? That appears to be what the Government Wheat Control Act means. Admittedly the C.C.F. will agree with this socialist measure, and only the Progressive Conservatives protest. It seems strange that the Free Trade Liberals are discarding their old principals. No wonder that Chubby Power protests.

►These measures however, are a familiar tactic on the part of our Prime Minister. Recalling how he swallowed up the Progressives in 1926, it seems a fair guess to say that this is a preliminary to the same procedure with the C.C.F. How can they (the C.C.F.) further quibble about giving a helping hand to a Government so generous to their Socialistic principles? Remember, — the farmer no longer has any control of the disposition of his crop or of its price. Have they forgotten the Wheat Co-operatives of the twenties when dictated prices of this same commodity closed our export markets by the levying of prohibitive customs duties, so high that our foreign markets were cut off entirely and our whole machinery of control collapsed with disastrous results?

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continued on page 42

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Murdered by a GRIZZLY

by **T. B. PRUCE**



IN THE 'SPRING' 1947 ISSUE, we published under the title "Klondyke Trail Drive", Norman Lee's diary covering his trek into the Klondyke with two hundred head of cattle, in which he mentions the disappearance of Sir Arthur Curtis at Mud River, some eighty miles northwest of Quesnel — and of the widespread search which however failed to reveal the true reason for the disappearance. . . . At time, one guess was as good as another and the press carried stories of the possibility of Sir Arthur having been murdered by skulking Indians and other equally sensational stories none of which were based on fact.

Following is Mr. T. B. Pruce's account of the facts of the case and of how he happened to come by them in three widely different parts of the world — the Cariboo — the African Veldt — and London.

At the time of the disappearance of Sir Arthur Curtis I was a young lad, employed at the time by Veith & Borland who operated the 150 Mile House. During that summer, from early in April to the end of July, there was a constant stream of prospectors of all classes and with all kinds of outfits, travelling north in the hope of reaching the Klondyke by the Telegraph Creek route. We, at the 150 Mile house were often highly amused at the different groups going past, and one day there arrived a party dressed in regular 'Wild West' regalia, wide-brimmed hats, red bandana handkerchiefs, chaperojas, belts, hunting knives, cowboy spurs and all. For all their equipment they did not seem to be very expert in the handling of their horses.

After staying over a day they passed on up the road. About a month later, happening to be in the bar at lunch time, I was surprised to see the leader of this party, Roger Pocock, in conversation with Mr. Patenaude, the manager for Veith & Borland, and I overheard him telling his story of the loss of Sir Arthur Curtis.

After he had related his story, Mr.

Patenaude told Pocock that there was a judge stopping over at the 150, enroute to the Horsefly, and that Pocock had better tell the judge all the facts. What I overheard ran as follows:

Some days after leaving Quesnel, the party was camped near a place called Mud River. They had been in the habit of taking turns with the washing of dishes etc., and this day it had fallen to the lot of Sir Arthur Curtis. The others had gone off to find the horses, which had strayed during the night. They had gone off together on one side of the trail.

After Curtis had finished his job, he evidently started to look for the animals also, but on the opposite side of the trail, in very dense willow brush.

In the meantime, the remainder of the party had found the animals, and thinking that Curtis would soon be back, had written a note and stuck it on a tree where he would be sure to see it, to let him know that they had gone on up the trail and that they would wait at the next camping place for him.

The following morning he had not yet come into camp, so they decided to remain there all that day to wait for him. By evening he had not put in appearance, so they retraced their steps to the camp of the previous day but Sir Arthur was not there. They hunted for days, but without success, and finally gave him up for lost.

Two years later, I was serving with Kitchener's Horse in the South African War and one night a half dozen of us were lying around a small camp fire, talking of various experiences.

One of the party had known Pocock for many years, and he was telling of the application that was made to the Probate Court by Lady Curtis to presume the death of Sir Arthur. He said that he had never heard a man get such a dressing down from a judge as Pocock received after he had submitted the evidence. The judge had said to

continued on page 72

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QUESNEL, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Coming and going!

THE HEARTLESSNESS OF CORPORATIONS IN THE FULFILLMENT OF THEIR CONTRACTS IS SHOWN IN THIS LETTER WRITTEN BY AN INDIAN GENTLE MAN RE HIS INSURANCE CLAIM

Gentlemen:

The soullessness of corporations such as yours is astounding. Let me review my case. I carry an accident policy in your company by the terms of which you agree to pay me \$10.00 per week during such time as I was prevented from working because of accidents.

A week ago I went around on Sunday morning to inspect a new house that is being built for me. I climbed the stairs, or rather the ladder now located where the stairs will be when the house is completed, and on the top floor I found a pile of bricks which were not needed there. Feeling industrious, I decided to remove the bricks. In the elevator shaft was a rope and pulley, and on one end of the rope was a barrel. I pulled the barrel up to the top floor and after walking down the ladder, fastened the rope firmly to the bottom of the shaft. Then I climbed up the ladder again and filled the barrel with bricks. Down the ladder I went again, five storeys, mind you, and untied the rope to let the barrel down.

It was a sound idea all around, except that the barrel-load of brick was heavier than I was, and before I had time to study the proposition I was going up the shaft with my speed increasing every minute. I thought of letting go the rope, but before I had decided to do so I was so high up that it seemed more dangerous to let go than to hang on, so I hung on.

Halfway up the elevator shaft I met the barrel of bricks coming down. The encounter was brief but spirited; I got the worst of it and continued on my way to the roof. That is, most of me went on, but various parts of my anatomy

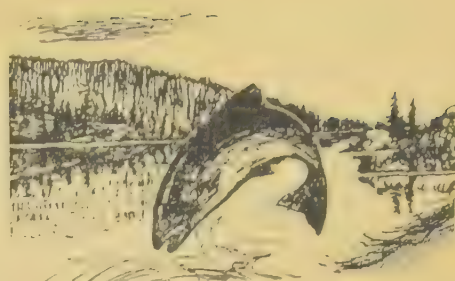
and epidermis clung to the barrel and returned to earth. Then I hit the roof at the same time that the barrel struck the cellar. The shock knocked the breath out of me and the bottom out of the barrel.

Then I was heavier than the empty barrel, and I started down the shaft, while the barrel started back up. We met in the middle of our respective journeys, and again the barrel uppercut me, pounded my solar plexus, skinned my face, barked my shins and bruised my body. When we became disentangled, I resumed my downward journey and the barrel went higher. Soon I was at the bottom and stopped so suddenly that I lost my remarkable presence of mind and let go the rope. This released the barrel which had reached the top, and it fell the full five stories, landing, if I may say so gentlemen, quite hard and right on top of me.

Now, gentlemen, consider the heartlessness of your company — I sustained five accidents within two minutes. One on the journey up the shaft when I met the barrel of bricks. The second when I struck the roof. The third when I met the empty barrel. The fourth when I struck the bottom. The fifth when the barrel struck me.

Your agent states that it was only one accident, not five, and instead of receiving payment at the rate of five times the \$10.00, I am only entitled to one accident at the rate of one alone. I therefore request that you cancel my policy as I have made up my mind that I will not be skinned either by a barrel or an Insurance Company.

— Submitted by Insurance-man Fred Langelier, Quesnel, British Columbia



Nostalgic Musings

Shadows slowly creep into the gulches; stately spruces are silhouetted against a golden sky-line; little winds blowing up the valley stir the vibrant aspens into rhythmic rustle and waft the fragrance of the fire-weed along with the whispers of the restless winding river.

In this enchanted light the Sisters Peaks with storm etched faces rouge their cheeks with after-glow; wisps of fog arise from the hidden canyons to dance ghost-like, along the slopes . . . furtive figures spawned in shadows lurking in the dusk. Ghosts, they are, from the campfires of voyageurs now or perhaps to the imaginative, smoke long passed on, but who tread again the deeply trodden game trails in this mystic half-light of fading day.

Silently, a sinister form floats from the shadows across an open clearing to perch atop a deadened snag, heedless of the angry chatter of a belated squirrel. Then — faintly, first uncertainly, then surely, from far across the valley comes a muted call, and the Great Horned Owl softly slides back into the shadows to join his mate at their rendezvous.

Lamps are lighted, the tinkle of a horse bell comes from up the slope; the evening star mounts higher toward the zenith; the steel blue shadow of the earth creeps upward from the east; smoke drifts lazily from the chimney. Day is done at my green mountain home.

— Grover A. Youngs

J. B. Guest

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liquor valued at 39 millions, while during the same year Ontario's nine distilleries, and Quebec's seven, produced only 26 millions worth of liquor.

A TRUE STORY

The Exile of Alexander McLean

by Wm. MORRIS

When I met Alexander McLean he was dying. Nothing any living person could do, could have saved him then. Wind, rain and cold had eaten away all resistance in his once splendid physique, leaving just a shell so congested with pneumonia in its final stages that even Alex himself knew the end was inevitable. It was while returning to my cabin from a hunt for fresh meat that I stumbled across the prone figure lying just off the trail.

I knew at once that something was wrong, for the utter helplessness of the man suggested deathly sickness. Shedding my canvas jacket and wrapping it around the derelict, shielding him from a rain of two week's duration I lifted the sorry bundle and hurried to my cabin, where, lighting a quick, hot fire and procuring some extra blankets, I undressed and cleaned the pitiful bundle of humanity and put him to bed. Soon, soup was bubbling merrily on the stove and turning quickly, I found the eyes of the old man upon me. Finding him conscious at last I went to a shelf to get my travelling friend and boon companion, my Hudson's Bay Rum. Administering this heart warming exiler with a teaspoon and a little effort, I soon saw signs of awareness in his eyes. By this time the soup was ready and a portion of that went to rekindle the dimming spark which I knew before long would be extinguished. Sleep then came and for three hours, keeping the fire blazing and the kettle boiling I kept faithful watch over my charge.

Around midnight life began to stir the poor old wreck and after feeding him a little more soup I could see he wanted to speak to me, so, placing a chair close to the bed, I seated myself where I could better hear the low, rasping whisper that was his voice. The words were almost inaudible and I had to

bend near indeed to catch each syllable as it was uttered.

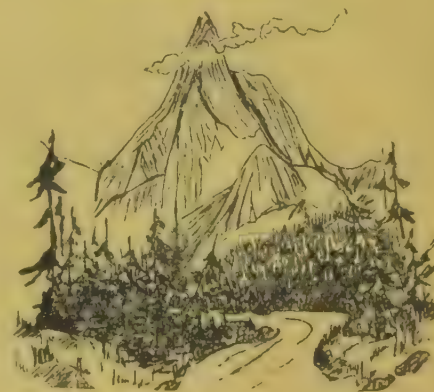
"I am Alex McLeod" he began. "All my papers are in that coat." His head gave a slight nod toward a shabby old army coat of 1914 vintage. After searching amidst the rags for a moment I produced a bundle wrapped in oiled silk. At his motion I untied the string and shook out a few legal-looking documents from between several layers of the silk. First, I came across an old, telegram creased and much worn as though from constant fingering and reading. It was from a small town in Ontario, evidently his home town, and stated that on September 9th 1929, Mrs Emma Patricia McLean and son Donald aged 11 years, were burned to death in a fire which razed their house at 315 Chester Avenue.

The next paper I picked up was a birth certificate certifying that one Alexander Donald McLean was born in Edinburg on the 2nd day of May 1868. Among the remainder of the documents was an old newspaper clipping with no identification as to the publishers or the town in which it was printed. The item read as follows; The fire department was called out at 2.30 this morning to extinguish a fire which broke out at 315 Chester Avenue, but the brigade, upon arrival, immediately found that control of the blaze was impossible as the fire must have had considerable headway before the alarm was turned in by J. Moffat who happened to be passing at the time. After the conflagration was finally extinguished, the remains of what was presumed to have been the bodies of Mrs. Emma Patricia McLean and her son Donald

were found burned beyond recognition. The position of these charred remains pointed quite evidently to the fact that the boy was awakened by the fire and made his way to the room of Mrs McLean where he was finally overcome before reaching his mother who died in her bed. This sad tragedy will come as a decided shock to the husband of Mrs McLean, one Alexander Donald McLean who is at present seeking a new home, for his little family, in British Columbia where he intends locating on a small farm. The tragic occurrence emphasizes the fact that—" here the clipping described the lack of a sufficient water supply and a neglected fire department and the necessary alterations that must immediately be forthcoming

I next picked from it's hiding-place at the very bottom of the pile, a black note-book and upon opening it discovered that here was a rough record of the most important events in the life of Alexander McLean following the loss of his family. Opening the book at random I read the following entry "----to cache on north arm. This makes 28 ounces at Donald Creek cache Shot small doe near cabin and cut meat into strips for drying. Discovered rotten sluice box resembling moss-covered log. Further exploration revealed old cabin

continued on page 68



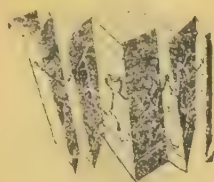
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"NO-KILL" Jackson

"No-Kill Jackson", one of the last of the old-time northwest stockmen died not long ago at his tiny ranch on the Clearwater River in the Cassiar District of Northern B.C. Born under a lucky star in Virginia 83 years ago he started life as a simple cowhand on the western ranges, and became prosperous - 'out of pure luck' - he always claimed. He took one of the first herds through the Yellowhead Pass back when the railroads were still prospecting for routes; performed miracles in the Boar War as master of transport and came home with medals and citations, to locate the famous 'Groundhog' anthracite coal fields in the Cassiar country north of Hazelton.

It was while he was in South Africa that the name "No-kill Jackson" was fastened onto him by certain friendly Rocky Mountain Indians, who respected Jackson for his jovial outlook on life, his square dealing, his even temper and his intercession on their behalf with the government. When Jackson went to war, they hailed him as a chief and made frequent inquiries at the railroad station. One day the agent told them of the first serious reverses.

"Big battle far off. Plenty men kill. Queen, she cry."

"No kill Jackson?", the Indians inquired.

"No kill Jackson," the telegrapher reported.

At intervals thereafter an Indian would ride up to the station, lend an ear to the clicking instruments, and look inquiringly at the agent.

"No kill Jackson?"

A just and generous man, Jackson never claimed the distinction of discovering the Groundhog coal fields. "The Indians told me about the outcrop, and brought me samples," he would always state. "They used to climb the mountain to hunt groundhogs."

Engineers investigated the coal. It was first grade anthracite, but a long way from the railhead. Then came a

telegram offering him a quarter of a million dollars for all his interests. He bought drinks for the multitude in Hazelton, B.C., and answered that he would sell a half interest for \$50,000. He wanted to gamble in coal.

In Toronto he received the \$50,000, married Ethel, a pretty brown-haired waitress who was his junior by some 25 years, and toured the U.S. He blew the \$50,000 and returned to the Groundhog coal fields where he directed the transportation of supplies. One pack animal, with a reputation for serenity always carried champagne.

Simon Gunanoot, the Indian outlaw, received some of these supplies surreptitiously - food and ammunition - from the Indians in Jackson's employ at a time when the provincial police were camping on his trail, but Jackson could have truthfully sworn that he never saw the outlaw, and knew nothing of his receiving aid. A man can read sign though - and it was a case of justifiable homicide involving a woman.

The years passed and no shining steel rails gleamed into the Groundhog. Though development work was done to secure a crown grant to the property, then the pack-trains and work crews were laid off. The marmots came out of their holes and whistled derisively at the retreating miners and would be coal-barons.

The Jacksons left the country of their dreams and settled at Grand Rapids on the Stikine river, where gardens flourish and fish and game are plentiful. A few years ago a grizzly made a pass at Jackson while he was removing a beaver from a trap but "No-kill-Jackson" rolled into a slough and got away. He arrived home in tattered clothes and minus his Stetson hat, but otherwise intact.

Of late years Ethel did the trapping for her aging husband. He tried desperately to get into World War 11, but his letters and citations were returned with the advice that this was

a mechanized war.

Illness caused him to fly to Wrangell last fall with a bush pilot, Delzell. It was his first aerial jaunt, and he loved it. He returned to Telegraph Creek, B.C., and then to Clearwater, kept alive by brandy administered with a spoon. He died just as the brandy supply was exhausted.

Will "No-kill" Jackson's ghost show up to haunt the mountain of the groundhogs - the Indians wonder...



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ERADICATION of a PLAGUE

by Peg Deeder

I belong to that curious, almost extinct genus called 'The Bookworm'. We have a devouring passion for black type on white paper. We have insatiable appetites, and are never replete. We are found in queer places and odd positions. A bookworm can be found in an office, sitting on the end of his spine with his feet cocked on a desk and his nose in a book — *always* the nose is found in a book. He may be found lying on his stomach in the middle of the floor; he may be found in a street car, peering over the shoulder of someone who has bought a book; he may be found in bed at three A.M., with red-rimmed eyes and two chapters to go. You can spot a bookworm by his conversation, too. Upon meeting him casually, his first contribution to the conversation will be — "Have you read. . . . ?"

A campaign is being waged to eliminate the Bookworm, and a most successful campaign it is! Dick Tracy, The Lone Ranger, and Red Ryder, of comic strip and radio fame are all doing a wonderful job of prevention. I didn't have those wonderful characters to buck when I was a child. I had to find my heroes in books, and I had access to a well-endowed public library. I was doomed anyway, because I was born into a family of bookworms — I graduated from Aesop to Dickens — to Mark Twain before I was ten. By the time I was sixteen I had a good start on Wells, Darwin, and was even nibbling into Spinoza, Schopenhauer, Marx and Balzac.

The vice grew upon me. Even when I was forced to work I performed my tasks with unreasonable speed, so that I might have a few extra moments with my current book. That's why they call me a 'fast worker' today. I fancy that my ear-lobes are a little

longer than normal, and that's because I was so often dragged away from my book by the ear, at mealtimes.

The modern world has become a sad and lonely place for the Bookworm. He is hard put to find a quiet spot where he can pursue his subversive desires, away from a blaring radio. If he sneaks into the family living room, he immediately receives the strongest of competition from Amos 'n Andy or Fibber McGee and Molly. He doesn't dare even so much as frown at the radio or he is considered a wet blanket, a dastardly damper of delightful drolery.

Then too, if one reads a lot, he must also think. Bertrand Russel says that people today would rather die than think; in fact they do. Thinking is definitely outmoded. If one thinks he must also speak, at least occasionally, and the poor benighted bookworm is very apt to open his mouth and get his foot inextricably tangled up with his tongue. If he quotes an author as saying that our form of Democracy could be improved, he is immediately

branded a crack-pot. If he timidly suggests that Henry Wallace might have just a faint glimmer of horse sense, or that our eastern foreign policy is in need of improvement, he is branded as being at least a Red, if not an agent especially sent out from the Kremlin!

Long strides have been made in the campaign against the Bookworm. Headlins, tabloids, comic strips and the radio suffice for the leisure hours at home. Swing bands, juke boxes and the movies cater to those minds which crave 'just a little something' extra. It is too much to hope that we will see bookworming entirely eradicated in our generation, but we are certainly making a tremendous effort towards that end. Even now we bookworms must indulge our craving for the printed word in the dead of the night, or out behind the woodshed hidden by the weeds. Nobody loves us. At best, we are merely tolerated; and we are very often actually shunned.

I hope people will be tolerant of us for just a little longer. You see, the trouble is that we were born too soon. Another fifty years at the rate we are progressing should fix everthing up just dandy. — Like the Dodo, the Bookworm will probably be extinct. If there does happen to be a specimen or two lurking about, they will no doubt be quickly apprehended and put on display behind bars at the zoo.

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MEMBER - A.A.A., A.M.A.,

FORT ST. JOHN, BRITISH COLUMBIA

Cariboo Roadhouse Keeper

continued from page 7

smile lurked about the teamster's mouth. Again he gave a short easy jerk.

"Al-r-i-i-ght, Pete, sw-i-i-ing back."

Back swung the leaders, holding the rigging tight meanwhile. These swings were accompanied by grunts and groans from the other horses who made a slight pretense of pulling. But well they knew that with the next swing coming they were all to get in and dig - and dig hard.

"Ho, Pete, lets try it again. Sw-i-ing back!"

Once more the light ripple travelled up the line. As the file of horses began to swing, the teamster reached into the pocket of his dusty shirt and produced three, shining butt chain links. His voice came crisp, -"Now, boys, all together." The three links of chain were jingling innocently, and was there ever such a sight? The horses leaned steadily into their collars, for the jingling of the links held but one meaning - HEAVE - a unified line of unleashed power. Strong ribbed muscles rippled and swelled, and forefeet slipped backwards under the strain. Slowly six pairs of high, broad wheels began to turn, and a lumbering, heavily loaded freight-wagon was off on the long stretch to Barkerville.

A long arm shot up from the wheel horse above the rising cloud of dust "S'long, Jim," called a voice, "see you in a month or so."

A smile crept over the sleeper's face and his lips moved. "Tim's a horseman. He sure can handle that jerk-line team."

In the warmth of an unusually fair spring, the Cariboo Road curved like a grey snake with a backbone of sparse grass. And at that time of year there was no importance attached, nor mixed sentiments felt for the road-houses by the northbound travellers.

'Barkerville' was the word on every tongue and in every mind, whether old-timer or greenhorn - yellow, brown

or white. Barkerville, gold-steeped mountains, gaudy girls and clap-board camps - these were the answers to the seasonal rush.

In his dream, old Jim remembered the most familiar one of the lust-driven hundreds. Clearer now, this eccentric personage sauntered up the hope-paved trail - a long seven feet of him, all eighty years of him carried as easily as the pick and shoveled-pack. Dust rose fitfully from the giant, driving strides to settle with a hush on roadside verdure. These strides seemed to talk in their gravelly way.

"The Duke's passing, the Duke's passing, the Duke's passing -".

Soon whirls of dust blanketed him and he stepped off the road, a jerk-line team stamped up alongside. A large hand reached out.

"Hello, oldtimer, how's a-boy?"

Another hand reached out and lifted the heavy pack from the old man's back and tossed it under the canvas of the forewagon. "Goin' to try your luck again, eh? Well, yuh might as well travel to Barkerville with me this trip," the teamster's voice went on.

In the Duke's crisp, curt phrases, the teamster could smell the reserve of London colleges, of oak halls, of curdling high-class pride or snobbery. But the momentum of his, the power and muscle, that was peculiarly Cariboo, bred and bolstered there.

This young-old man, the Duke, had worked very close to nature in the Cariboo - for sixty years. A few times the Gods had up-lifted him, but most times, cast him down. Always he rose with a smile and hit for the hills again, never giving up, even in his old age. Many a mine in the country had he saved from destruction when slum and water were overcoming the miners, and rocks groaned ominous forebodings from behind massive timbers. When the pressure became too great the tunnel had to be driven at a new angle with sturdy timbers placed to give and take and save the mine from ruin. Here, the Duke was an authority.

Again, when nature saw fit, she had conferred great wealth upon him in the shape of rich diggings. Then his English breeding came to the top and

he became the polished possessor of relay teams to take him quickly into or out of the country. He was a mining czar. One of his pet diversions on his many carousals in Victoria was the cracking of bar-room mirrors with twenty-dollar gold pieces. Fortunes came, and fortunes went, for the Duke, as do good and bad seasons in a mining country.

Again in his dreams, the sleeper envisioned the roadhouse on a night late in the fall. Every window was beaming forth light and good cheer. The house was packed with miners from the north, hiking south for the winter. The Duke was one of the throng, for his last great stake had disappeared. After dinner, when all present were seated in the large living room, some

continued on page 64

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It Could Happen Only In CARIBOO

► "WANTED - Buxom Brunette for the weekend. Will applicant please leave name and address at bottom of this notice!" — The above notice appeared this spring on the billboard adjoining the post-office at Quesnel, B.C. . . . Spring in the Cariboo is really something!

► The Cariboo has long been noted as a place where people are so honest that no-one bothers to lock their doors . . . Even the crooks are honest. . . Two years ago a rake, axe and a heavy sledge hammer were stolen from the farm of Lem Chung on the outskirts of Prince George. — Recently the missing articles were returned to his farm, presumably by the thief . . . the Spring air again, no doubt - but with a slightly different effect.

► A bank in the fair town of Lillooet ran short of funds this spring, and the manager found himself in the embarrassing position of having to run down to the corner grocery to borrow "a few bucks" to tide him over. — We understand that while the bank's customers waited patiently for their money, the grocery man hemmed and hawed and wanted to know what security the bank had to offer, and also whether the bank would be willing to pay the maximum legal rate of interest. . . If he didn't, he certainly missed a golden, 'once-in-a-lifetime' opportunity.

Why the Editor Left Town

A country editor just about to go to press 'pied' a couple of articles, one concerning a public sale and the other concerning a wedding. He asked the make-up man to get the articles together. He did, but this was the result:

"Billie Smith" and Texie Brownhill were disposed of at public auction at my barn, one mile east of a beautiful cluster of roses on her breast before a

Alaska Highway Link

For years the Pacific Northwest Trade Association has been advocating a connecting link (road) between Prince George B.C. and the Alaska Highway at some point near the Yukon B.C. border, or with Whitehorse itself. Visionaries of the Association, which consists of Board of Trades and individuals from Washington, Oregon and B.C., have long dreamed of the possibilities which would result were an All Western Route opened up from Alaska down through B.C. *west of the rockies* and into the U.S.

To this end they have extended a great deal of time and money in trying to convince Ottawa, and Washington that the road was a *necessity* not only from an economic point of view, but also for *military* reasons. Costly aerial surveys have been conducted, and competent men have been sent in to cover the proposed route with pack horses, to survey and plan the exact route to be followed, compiling information as to fills grades, bridges etc required. The results have been correlated and submitted to proper authorities in both the U.S. and in Canada in an effort to get action. . . but to little avail.

From General Dwight D. Eisenhower, Chief of Staff of the U. S. War Department, now comes the announcement that the highway would have scant military value. The U.S. Army's 'thumbs down' on the project came in the form of a letter from General Eisenhower to Senator Harry P. Cain, who had written him on behalf of the Tacoma Chamber of Commerce and

asked him to investigate the possible military advantage of the proposed road. The text of the General's reply was as follows: "Since receiving your letter, I have had an estimate made of the potential military value of the highway proposed. Last year a similar evaluation was made by the joint chiefs of staff at the request of the Secretary of State.

"I am sorry to state that these studies have indicated clearly that the proposed highway would not have sufficient military value to justify its construction and maintenance by United States on a military basis."

While such a road would augment our reserve transportation facilities, the contribution in this instance would be relatively small. Under these considerations, War Department testimony before Congress regarding the project would furnish little hope for the highway's construction."

This seems to indicate quite clearly that assistance for the project will not be forthcoming from eastern U.S. or eastern Canada, and that the WEST will have to 'go it alone' if we are to have an Alaska to Mexico route west of the Rockies. In view of the fact that B.C. is already expending what it hopes will only amount to six million dollars on the construction of the Pine Pass Highway in Northern B.C., - it seems very unlikely that British Columbia's legislators will be able to find any more such sums to spend in Northern B.C. - it being the opinion of many, 'that the six-million dollar estimated cost of the Pine Pass road represents the North's quota for about ten years...

background of farm implements too numerous to mention in the presence of about 70 guests, including two milk cows, six mules and a bob-sled. Rev. Mr. Baker tied the nuptial knot with 300 hundred yards of barbed wire and the bridal couple left on one gang plow

for an extended trip, with terms to suit purchasers. They will be at home to their friends with one good buggy and a few kitchen utensils after ten months from date of sale to responsible parties and some fifty chickens.



The Editors Go Fishing

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go. We can't let our public down, whether we catch anything or not."

I had used his argument on my wife, and while it had worked, it had somehow not brought forth any great rush of sympathy for us two poor martyrs sacrificing the pleasures of home and fireside. . . . You see, my wife also likes fishing.

Nine-Mile Lake is 9 *Cariboo* miles from Quesnel (just off the Nazko road). But don't think for one moment that it is 9 miles from Quesnel - that would be too simple. *Cariboo* miles being what they are, our speedometer reading said we had gone nine miles from Quesnel when we were only just past Six-Mile Lake, and were in the middle of typical *Cariboo* country - the kind that is populated entirely with jack-pines, chuck-holes, moose and mosquitoes, and stretches endlessly on, and on, and on, to infinity - and half way back (in fact the word 'infinity' was coined by Webster to define exactly how far it is between any two given points in the *Cariboo* jack-pine

country - astronomers have picked it up and apply it in describing interstellar space and such other trifles)

When we finally ground to a halt by Marsh's cabin on the hump overlooking the lake, after dodging in and out around the jack-pines for the last mile (the road having somehow disappeared enroute), our speedometer showed exactly 18 miles.

The lake was beautiful. A blue gem surrounded by green, with a faint ripple on the water here and there, and innumerable little bays and bends, each of which, we felt sure, was the particular place where the big-ones lurked in the cool depths. The sun, a liquid ball of fire, hung low over the hills to the west - Exactly how it hung suspended there in such a manner isn't quite clear to me, even now. Whether it was suspended there like a ball on a piece of string, or supported somehow from underneath, I don't know. Even after reading in hundreds of books written by hundreds of different authors, the phrase, 'the sun, like a liquid ball of fire, hung low over the hills', I am none the wiser. But one of the bards one time said,

"'tis not the reason why', so let's let it ride at that.

Anyhow, there it hung, by the neck maybe for all we care, bathing the east end of the lake and your editors in its golden glow. It couldn't help bathing us too, much as it may have disliked doing this strictly private bit of business, for we too were at the east end of the lake.

As far as we could see we the only fishermen at the lake, which all good fishermen will agree, is as it should be. I repeat, it was beautiful. One of those lovely evenings late in the spring, when there is yet sufficient moisture to give birth to, and support, a luscious growth - when every blade of grass, every tree, every bush and shrub, and even the moss is straining like sixty, and succeeding, in trying to grow to five times its original size.

Our tackle was spread out on the grass, rods, reels, boxes of leaders, flies, spinners and spoons, and we were searching frantically for the one fly, the one and *only* fly, which we knew was the right one, and which

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Cariboo Tragedy

by EMELENE THOMAS

AS Told By JACK BELL

INTRODUCTION

Reaching back into the early days of Cariboo history, when '*Gold*' was the magic word that drew men to the Cariboo and beyond, one comes upon records of misfortunes, some great, and some small, that befell the prospectors of that day; records of frustrated hopes and expectations that ended in disaster. Such a one was that, spoken of by old-timers as "one of the worst tragedies of the times", which occurred in the early seventies, when a party of miners made an ill-fated journey in search of the Eldorado at the foot of a rainbow. The story was told to Jack Bell by his uncle John, who was among those who made up the party. The exact date is unknown, but it must have been in the early seventies, as it was while Judge O'Reilly served as County Court Judge for Northern Mines (1871 - 1875). The route taken is not given either, but it is presumed it followed the old Western Union Telegraph line from Quesnelle to Babine, though some other trail may have been used. The distance, at any rate, was two hundred odd miles, through virgin land. Following, is the story, handed down through the years - a tale of ambition and hardship, of men long forgotten.

— E.A.T.

All summer miners in the Cariboo had heard, off and on, rumours of rich diggings being found at Babine Lake, away to the northwest. According to the gossip passed along, a large number of men had already gone into the new fields via the coast route, also, quantities of food and supplies. Surely it must be a good thing, indeed! And when late fall came to the Cariboo, a party of twenty-four decided to cross from Quesnel to the new grounds forsaking their usual custom of wintering in Victoria. If they left at once, they figured, they would reach their goal before winter set in, and would have ample time to establish themselves at the new camp.

Among the party was John Bell, Jim's younger brother, a tough wiry chap accustomed to the rough life of the woods. Others there were too, experienced in the hard ways of the prospector, but not all of them, nor were they all equal in endurance. One thing they had in common, the lure

of gold, of distant fields, that drew them like a magnet.

With supplies to suffice them on the journey and gold dust with which to buy more at the trail's end, they set out from Quesnelle, buoyed up with high hopes. The weather held, and in due course of time, and without being unduly delayed enroute, they reached the head of Babine Lake, where they found a small handful of men, whites and Indians, who had established a camp and were preparing to winter there. From them they learned that many men had indeed come up from the coast into the country, but had left again by the same route. Nor were any of the reported supplies to be had. There was, however, they said, a store at the far end of the lake where the newcomers should be able to secure provisions.

The distance, one hundred and five miles, was a dismaying one, but supplies they must have, and John Bell

and a companion volunteered to make the trip, while the others would concern themselves with constructing shelter. It was necessary to leave at once if they were to get there and back before winter set in in earnest, with the lake perhaps frozen over. Accordingly the two men lost no time in procuring a boat and setting off. As if to warn them of worse things to come, the weather turned cold, snow drove fiercely down, and gales lashed the waters up which they toiled. All the long miles they doggedly worked their way, until finally they arrived at the head of the lake.

They beached their craft and hurried to the store for a short rest and the much-needed supplies. But a sad disappointment awaited them. From Judge O'Reilly they heard the news, all bad. The reports of rich gold findings having proven false, the men who had flocked in had left in short order, and consequently the supplies, which



Jack Bell — from whose reminiscences have come articles on events of long ago.

were destined for the camp which was to have been built had there been a real gold strike, were never shipped.

To add to this, the usual winter consignment had not arrived, and no appreciable amount could be spared from the meagre stock on hand to feed the twenty four men waiting hopefully at the other end of the lake.

Judge O'Reilly, concerned as to the welfare of the party, said that he would go back with the two men and see what was best to do, and the following day the three pushed off, taking with them what little could be spared from the store. Fortunately the weather moderated, enabling them to make the journey without difficulty.

Arrived at the camp the judge held council, at which they took stock of the provisions and faced the fact that they were in an unenviable position, with only enough food to last a short time. Game, too, was scarce; the ducks and geese had long since gone south, the bears had dened up, and worse still, it happened to be a season when the caribou and moose had migrated, as happened now and again.

Considering all phases of the situation, Judge O'Reilly thought it was a tough lookout, and lost no time telling the men so.

"There is only one thing for you to do," he advised them, "and that is to return to the forks at Quesnelle. You'll starve if you stay here. One of you must start now and travel as fast as possible to get a relief party to come out from Quesnelle with food and meet the rest of you on the trail."

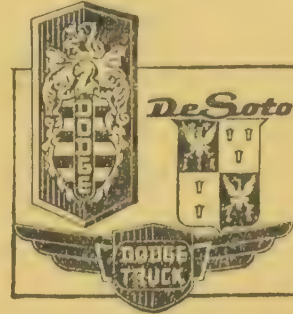
That evening the judge called John aside and told him that he should be the one to go, adding that he would send along with him a good Indian, and that they must leave early the next morning. John, however, was indignant at the suggestion that he should desert the boys, but the judge overruled his objections.

"You are young and fit, and you know how to take care of yourself in

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AS I SEE IT

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years. Industrial and commercial expansion has followed suit, as has our Mining, Agriculture, Fishing and Shipping. Our varied and temperate climate, as well as our natural beauty has attracted people from all over the Dominion as well as from other parts of the world. Undoubtedly this rapid influx of population will cause stresses and strains here and there, but the remedy for that is a well-balanced and forward-looking program of communications. This is a MUST in our province if we are to make full use of our resources. We must fit our communication program to the requirements of our rapidly increasing population. More people must be induced to leave the over-crowded cities and rural communities in the southwest corner of our province and spread themselves over the wide open spaces of our hinterland. No other province in the Dominion has a better opportunity for increasing its population than has B.C. No other province has more to offer its new population than has B.C.

►We are facing up to the situation fairly well so far as our Public Works are concerned. The drawback in this respect seems to be a lack of efficient and modern equipment and skilled labour. It is to be hoped that our Public Works program and standards will shortly more favourably compare with American standards. We are still a long way behind in this regard.

►Our timber industry is disturbed with both internal and external troubles. External markets are taking too

much of our production. Not because of any desire on the part of operators to starve the local markets, but because of the higher prices in foreign markets than our price control will allow on local sales. There seems no limit to the insatiable demand for our timber in outside markets, and the prices we have been accustomed to locally seem ridiculously low when compared with the fantastically high price offered by customers on the outside.

If the industry is to be placed on the sustained-yield basis, it is my guess that we will have to get accustomed to permanently higher prices.

►Our Agriculture offers vast opportunity for an increasing number of newcomers, but some authority should be set up to assist in the clearing of agricultural land. The present generation will not submit to taking over new raw and densely wooded land and spend a lifetime in clearing enough acreage to make a precarious living.

►The early process of an easy life from the wealth of our Placer Mines is gone, and an extension of operations in our mines now depends on the expenditure of large amounts of capital. Prospecting is no longer the buying of a grubstake and hitting out into the hills with a pack on the back. The readily-accessible deposits have been pretty well looked over and the modern prospector now requires capital also, to provide himself with the modern accessories of a prospecting expedition.

►Transcending all other requirements for our Provincial development is the

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FRASER LAKE, B. C.

The Editors Go Fishing

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somehow had been mislaid since last fall. . . . It does a person good to get his knees down on the good earth once in a while — with his nose about an inch from a blade of grass, and commune with nature in the hush of an evening (even if your nose is a full two inches away from the blade of grass it can be effective). Such communions are good for the soul, I always say, for at such times it is extremely difficult to concentrate on Income Tax, buzz-bombs, diapers, foreign trade or any of man's other pet diversions. . . . At least that is my opinion, and I'm inclined to agree with myself. (Try it someday, won't you, it doesn't hurt)

(Vern exclaimed suddenly, "Boy-o-boy! Look at that, would you!" He had finished his communion and was standing with one arm pointing out over the lake. "Look at them, would you. Why, the lake's lousy with them!")

I looked, and sure enough, fish were jumping all over the lake. A flash of silver, asplash, and an ever-widening circle of ripples. No matter where we looked on the lake, fish were jumping. A great surge of power and confidence rose within me. (I should remember that phrase and use it in my next best seller to show how the hero felt when he confronted the villain) Grabbing up my tackle I tried to catch up to Vern who was halfway down to the boats at the waters edge. It was steep, and unfortunately I had my eye on the ball - I mean fish, and the next thing I knew I was sailing through the air like the well-lauded trapeze artist and there was Vern - right under me. Together we crashed through the last 30 feet of wild rose bushes and wound up in a heap at the water's edge up against a tree to which several boats were moored.

We untangled ourselves, and Vern was about to do something drastic to retaliate (bodily harm, I suspect) when a huge Rainbow broke water in a mighty leap not ten feet past the

end of the boats - and I mean he was *huge*. He shot fully two feet into the air, landed with a mighty splash, and the circle of waves that spread out from where he landed actually rocked the rowboats. . . . Vern stopped the wild swing he had started, stared at the spot (at least I think he did - I didn't actually see him because my own eyes were bulged out of their sockets staring at the place where the fish had disappeared), and said, "Time's a-wasting — Let's get going."

With a sudden burst of activity he scrambled back up the bank to retrieve various items we had lost in our descent. Luckily, nothing was broken, not even the half-dozen beer. We, were ourselves, apart from various scratches, bruises, and a rip here and there, quite uninjured — except for our dignities, and injured dignities are easily men-

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ded or soon forgotten if there are fish in the offspring.

We piled the stuff into the boat and in a trice we were out on the lake (cute word that 'trice' - old as sin of course, but still usefull) .

Miraculously, all the fish that had been jumping in that part of the lake up to the very minute we shoved off, ceased jumping — fish are like that - temperamental as all get out.

Being experts, both of us had our rods rigged in well under half an hour, and were casting wildly in all directions at once - getting the 'feel' of our rods - I snagged Vern once behind the ear, but I'm sure you will agree with me - He *should have* ducked. As it was he wanted to start a duel - with rods.

I had wisely chosen a 'Grizzly King', while Vern had foolishly stuck on a 'Black Gnat'. Hah, the poor sap didn't know any better. He didn't know that fish are as fickle as women, and that you have to give them colour.

Farther out in the lake the fish were jumping fast and furious, with at least a dozen in the air, or leaving tell-tale rings at any one time, and I was casting out towards them. Each cast, I let out a little more line, until I was swinging a full 90 feet - well, it *looked* like 90 feet. Anyhow it was enough so that I hooked the beach behind me, and we had to pull ourselves over and unsnarl the mess, which involved dragging the boat over a maze of sunken

logs and old roots. Vern was inclined to be a bit impatient over this bit of business, but that only shows how little right he has to be 'tourist editor'. No patience, no patience at all — even if we did slip once or twice and get wet up to the knees, it was better than losing my leader and precious 'Grizzly King' by cutting the line, as he wanted to do.

Shoving out into the lake again, we tried for another fifteen minutes or so, but neither of us got a rise. . . I could understand why Vern didn't, of course, using that silly, colourless little black fly. He just didn't savvy

about fish — No self-respecting trout would fall for such a dowdy and drab lure. He didn't *deserve* to catch any.

In the meantime I had discarded my green-bodied Grizzly King, and had tried a Royal Coachman, feeling sure that the small tuft of red would do wonders — After all the sun had disappeared behind the hill, not that it was dark by any means, but I'm sure that without direct sunlight the trout must have found it harder to see. But even this had been no better, and I had finally resorted to a multi-hued monstrosity that had somehow got into my tackle box (I suspect that my wife bought it). Blue, green, red, orange and white were the predominant colours. When I attached this 'creation', this 'symphony of colour' to the leader I felt that I was at last on the right track. It was utterly ridiculous of course, for no bug ever created by the Good Lord ever looked anything like it, but then women's hats look like nothing on earth, and look how women go for them. . .

I made the first cast fully expecting the rod to be almost yanked out of my hands by a big one striking - but nothing happened. I cast again, but with a little doubt - and still nothing happened. After the tenth cast I was beginning to lose faith in fish, for the beggars were still jumping

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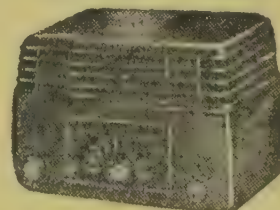
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LUMBER YARD



like mad a few yards beyond the limit of my cast.

"Maybe the fish around here just aren't hungry," I muttered to myself as I sat down. Vern had already given up and was sitting delving into his tackle box.

"What d'you mean, not biting? Why don't you just admit you don't know how to catch them?" He reached out and almost tenderly put his hand on my knee. "Look, Al," he said in the tone of voice that parents reserve for their youngsters when they're telling them the 'facts of life, "you can be honest out here, you know. After all there's just you and I, and wondrous nature (here he waved his arm in a sweeping arc) and no one will ever know your secret."

"What d'you mean?" I demanded. "What secret?"

"Why, the fact that you just don't know beans about fishing," he replied coolly, as though he too hadn't been

frantically slashing at the water up till a minute ago. I clenched my teeth, and reached behind me for my camera.

"O K wise guy, I'm ready — or have you forgotten? I'm just supposed to take the pictures. Now suppose you show me how it's done."

He grabbed an oar, I ducked, but he merely handed it to me, indicated the far end of the lake, and said, "On your way J-a-a-mes."

Down the lake a little ways was a bay in which more fish were jumping than anywhere else on the lake, and I headed for it. Vern resumed his casting, but still with the same silly little black fly. He was pretty good, I'll admit. He could make that fly float down onto the water as gently as dandelion fluff settling to the ground — almost, but of course the drab little thing didn't have a chance no matter how expertly cast. . . . The fish just weren't that dumb.

No matter where I rowed, the fish

were jumping somewhere else. Nothing ever jumped near the boat. And when we arrived in the little bay, why all the fish suddenly decided that they had had enough exercise and quit jumping, or had got itchy feet and gone off in search of greener pastures — or something. But the beggars were always jumping like mad down in the next bay.

The boat was a cumbersome affair, resembling nothing so much as a boarded-up hay-rick pointed at one end, in which speed was out of the question. No matter how much we chased those fish, they were always a jump or two ahead. I was beginning to feel like all the pictures of galley-slaves I had ever seen, wherein the slaves are chained to their oars and whipped black and blue. I wasn't being whipped, but I was getting two beautiful blisters on my thumbs.

Every time we entered a bay where

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Cariboo Digest's Quarterly Review - and Commentary

Mining

► Most startling development in mining in recent months comes from the Peace River Block and is closely connected with the future of the P.G.E., and coal - but the connectoin is different from the much advocated idea of completing the P.G.E. in order to haul Peace River coal.

A Swedish Steamship company has taken an option to purchase the coal holdings of the Burns Foundation, which it holds in the Carbon Creek area about 100 miles west of Fort St. John. An estimated 250 men will be at work before summer in an extensive drilling and road-building program. Should their findings indicate sufficient tonnage, and there is hardly a doubt but what it will as the Burns Foundation engineers blocked out tremendous reserves during past years, it has been said that the Swedish Steamship company intend to export coal to Sweden and the world markets at the rate of 2,000,000 tons per year.

The unusual part of this development is that - if and when, this company is ready to go into production, there are no P.G.E. rails handy for them to ship on, they intend to build their own railroad from their property on Carbon River to Hazelton....

General opinion is, that not even company officials believe that a franchise will be granted them, but that an application for such will undoubtedly force the whole issue of the P.G.E. - Premier Hart, having stated that

at least a million tons of freight per year would be necessary to justify construction, will be offered almost double that amount from ONE SOURCE - Any stalling after that will be pure unadulterated political jockeying of the worst kind. . .

► Coal on the Bowron River is scheduled for development by the Cariboo-financed Bowron River Coal Co. The company has already received a very attractive offer to purchase the property - the quality of the coal being of high grade. Analysis of the coal is: Water from 3.5 to 6 percent, fixed carbon 47 to 54 percent, combustible matter 37.8 to 44.4 percent, ash 1 to 6, sulphur 1 to 1.4 percent.

Consulting engineer A.C.R. Yuill, of Vancouver, has given the company a figure of \$2,180,000 as the cost of constructing a coal-burning electric power plant capable of generating sufficient power to supply the district from Prince George to Giscombe. If the total output of the plant could be sold continuously, power could be sold for a cost of 4 mills per KWH, but at 40 percent of load capacity such as would be the normal present drain, the cost would be approximately 1 cent per kilowatt.

► Coal from the Groundhog Coal Fields for coal-hungry Southern B.C. and for world markets - shipped from Prince Rupert, one of the world's best year-round ports, is being urged by H.G. Archibald, M.P. for Skeena. - Continued urging by Archibald that the Federal Government undertake to provide the transportation facilities, by constructing a railway from Haz-

elton 150 miles north, has been met by flat refusals to consider the project in any way. . . . This, despite the fact that industrialists the world over agree that the present world industrial crisis can be laid down to a shortage of coal more than to a shortage of any other single commodity - and also despite the fact that Canadian coal consumption far exceeds her output while production is decreasing. . .

► Despite the fact that Bulkley Valley coal operators have been forced to shelve foreign orders for some one million tons of coal because of the lack of coal bunkers at Prince Rupert, C.N.R. officials refuse to budge from their stand that the construction of such coal (loading) bunkers is not in any way a responsibility of the railroad. Estimated cost of same is about \$200,000.

It is reported by reliable sources that the principal coal mine of the Bulkley Valley is under option to Pacific Mills' Ltd., Ocean Falls, B.C., and that drilling operations are under way to prove the extent of the deposits. Should the available tonnage prove sufficient, the option will be exercised and it is expected that the company will then build their own bunkers at Prince Rupert. Reported reason for this move on the part of the paper company - the rising cost of fuel oil.

► First flight into the Goldway Mt. district, 200 miles northwest of Fort St. James, was made by a Central B.C. Airways plane which landed on Aiken Lake in late May. Though no assays have been divulged, high-grade ore showing free gold is reported to have

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been found, and some 200 claims were staked late last fall. A silver-lead-zinc section has also been discovered in the area. Prominent mining men and many well known mining companies from all over Canada are keenly interested in the findings.

► Work on the Silver Standard Mine northeast of Hazelton, past producer of over a half million dollars of high grade silver ore, is progressing very favourably. Drifting operations have intercepted No. 4 vein at a depth of 200 feet, and it is reported to be good milling ore, and eight feet in width. Plans for a fifty ton mill are being completed in Vancouver and it is expected that the mill will be set up this year.

► Diamond drilling at the Duthie Mine on Hudson Bay Mountain indicates a probable 75,482 tons of ore with an average metal value of \$29.46 per ton in silver, lead and gold. Should underground work now being conducted prove up the drilling, sufficient ore will be available for a hundred ton mill for two years operation.

► The Gerow property on Boo Mt., near Deker Lake is receiving a great deal of attention from hard-rock men. Claims staked in the area include an old tunnel 180 feet long, part of an operation closed down years ago, after which the property was allowed to revert to the government. A syndicate plans to explore these showings which have been traced for nearly two miles. This area was highly recommended to mining men in the 1930 report of the Dept. of Mines. Assays from this property show returns of from \$54.61 to \$106.59 per ton in silver, gold, lead, copper and zinc.

► Increased interest in gold properties, now that material is more available, may result in the Glacier Gulch property on Hudson Bay Mt. receiving some long overdue attention. This property has produced samples assaying 2000 oz. silver to the ton, and several carloads of hand-picked ore taken from a short drift in another zone brought returns ranging from 1.5 to 2.5 oz. gold per ton. (for more detailed information re this property - write Cariboo Digest Ltd.)

► The El Toro Mines on Spanish Mt. in the Likely District reports assays of \$120.05 per ton, derived from 3.43 oz. gold and 19.6 oz. silver to the ton. Contracts have been let for 3000 feet of diamond drilling. This property has been known for years, but owing to the broken formation, the showings have never been properly explored. The drilling program should prove whether the extremely high surface values have sufficient depth or consistency to warrant large scale operations.

► Discoveries by Dr. A.C. Skerl, consulting geologist, indicate that the Bar-

kerville Gold Belt is far more regular in alignment than has heretofore been believed. Following up the theory that the ore zone as a whole, has a definite "rake", it has already been possible to indicate considerable extensions of known ore by diamond drilling.

► Placer miners working in the lower Antler Creek area located hard-rock showings which assayed up to \$400 per ton. (Further information is not available at this time)

► Though underground work at the Cariboo Hudson Mine was temporarily halted, recent development work crosscut a three foot vein on the 200 foot level which assayed 2.3 oz. gold per ton. A second vein was encountered immediately beyond the first. Before intersecting the first vein, the crosscut penetrated a section of badly shattered material which assayed 8.76 oz. in gold. Work will, for a time, be restricted to surface checks against underground findings.

► Work on the Williams Creek Gold Quartz Mining Co. property (part of which is the old Black-Jack claim) is continuing with encouraging results. In the Westport group, four small veins, averaging .4 oz. gold to the ton were encountered.

► Canyon Cariboo Gold Mines Ltd., who hold a group of claims on Antler Creek adjoining the holdings of the Barkerville Mining Co., are going ahead with stripping and trenching op-

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erations, with some 8,000 feet of this type of work being accomplished to date. C.E. Gordon Brown of the Barkerville Mining Co. has been engaged to map the geology of the property.

► A report by Dr. V. Dolmage on the

Barkerville Mining Co.'s holdings indicates that the three claims with the best possibilities are the Warspite on Proserpine Mt., the Independence claim, and the Grouse claims on Antler Mt., and recommends continued exploration of these claims.

► Bralorne Mining Company's Yalakom property will continue to be developed this year despite the shortage of manpower and its inaccessibility. Drifting operations will be undertaken to determine whether the rich surface showings carry on to depth in commercial quantities.

► The Inland Placer Dredging Co. have purchased the holdings of A.C. Allen, H.H. Forester and Dan Rotkacker near Quesnel Forks, and expect to get into operation during the summer with a drag-line of 8000 cu. yards a day capacity. Eventual equipment includes a bucket-line dredge - which will be the first of its kind since the Antler Creek dredging operation.

► Operations by the Collins Pacific Co. were resumed this spring, with a drilling program scheduled for both Peters Creek and their Quesnel River properties.

► Swift River Dredging got away to a good start early in the year and is operating 24 hours a day on their holdings near Cottonwood.

► Frank Smith of San Francisco is scheduled to operate a dragline dredge, also on the Cottonwood River, but several miles below the Swift River Dredging Co. holdings in the canyon. It is understood that Mr. Smith will also take over, from Seattle interests, the operation of a drag line installed at Beavermouth, on the Quesnel River.

► The old Wingdam property is being intensively explored by a crew of 20

men under the direction of Col. Maller, of London, England. The work was started in the summer of 1946 and continued well into the winter months. There is no confirmation as yet, of the report that was current earlier, that an attempt will be made to reach the rich low levels of these old workings by 'freezing' the famous Cariboo 'slum' to hold it in place.

► Indians in the Whitehorse area staged a minor gold-rush of their own, registering 26 claims in all. The claims were staked on property showing tiny seams of pure gold in solid rock ore. The Consolidated Mining Co. and the Hudson's Bay Mining Co. are said to have explored these showings in 1946 but failed to stake any claims.

► Piping on the Laughing Man Placers on Coulter Creek began on May 1st. The property was bought from J. Chouse last fall by Alvo von Alvensleben and associates. Von Alvensleben was connected with the Cedar Creek Placers in 1943, and is also connected with Cariboo Metals, a hard rock property in the Likely district, and is at present supervising a drilling program on that property.

► Fred J. Tregillus, one of B.C.'s best known and most respected prospectors, long known as the 'Dean' of the province's prospectors, took out his 62nd consecutive Free Miners License early this year.

► Officials of the B.C. and Yukon Chamber of Mines estimate that about 1000 prospectors and company scouts will be in the hills this year searching for new prospects.

► Up to the end of May, approximately 44 prospectors had received assistance under the Provincial Grubstake Act, while another 40 applications for aid were under consideration.

► A prospector's magazine, "The Canadian Prospector", official organ of the Prospector's Development Association of B.C. is now being published by the Alsgard Publishing Co. of Powell River. Editor is Mrs. Dorothy Petch - well known in Canadian mining circles, and owner of the Silverado Mine. Members of the newly-formed Prospector's Development Association are drawn from the 12,000 registered prospectors and free miners of B.C.

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Transportation

►The most interesting news in regard to Northern B.C. transportation came in the form of an announcement that the Government is serious about having its own railroad, the P.G.E., exercise its Bus and Truck franchise on the Pine Pass or 'John Hart' Highway. An appropriation of \$200,000 has been made with which to purchase busses and trucks as follows: three 50 passenger busses; three 7 passenger automobiles; 4 trucks of ten ton payload capacity; 4 four-wheel trailers also of ten ton capacity; and four one and a half ton panel trucks for transporting express.

►Plans call for a tri-weekly bus service from Quesnel to Dawson Creek; the trip to take 16 hours, including two hours for stopovers. Busses will be equipped with reclining chairs so that passengers may sleep enroute, and they will also carry the very latest radio-telephone equipment, so that the drivers may be in constant communication with depots at either end. Many old-timers who know the 'Pass' say that this latter equipment will undoubtedly prove to be the most valuable piece of equipment on the bus, especially when they become bogged down in the 10-15 foot snowdrifts in the pass — It is a well known fact that the Pine Pass is in a very bad snowbelt, where as late as May 30th trappers have encountered up to 15 feet of snow.

►People throughout the north country were none too happy about the Pine Pass Highway, and many of them are claiming that deep snows will keep the road closed to all traffic from November till June, and that it is a sheer waste of public monies to spend what will eventually amount to 12 millions on a 'summer road' for tourists; that it could have been spent to better advantage in completing P.G.E. rails to Prince George — a step nearer their ultimate goal. With news of the above appropriations, however, people are more hopeful, and it is now felt that since the government has chosen to deny private concerns the privilege of operating over the highway, and has itself definitely gone into the trucking and bus business, that it will be 'forced', however great the expense, to keep the road open in order to 'save face'.

Short sighted individuals may think it a joke, that the government will be forced to keep the highway open all through the winter at great expense, but the joke backfires on them when they realize that it is Mr. Public who foots the bill.

►Private bus and trucking companies deeply resent this 'dabbling' on the part of the government in what has heretofore been a service rendered strictly by private companies and individuals. It is a move, they say, which might be expected in Saskatchewan, but not in B.C. — unless the 'Coalition' is turning C.C.F. too.

►Another sore spot with the truckers is the action of the C.N.R. in applying for a franchise to have its (subsidiary owned C. N. Transportation Ltd.) trucks operate between Burns Lake and Prince Rupert. Prior to the above application by C.N. Transportation Ltd. several private truckers were turned down when they applied to operate over the same route, or were allowed to operate only on a limited permit.

Prince Rupert Motor Transportation Association have asked the Public Utilities Commission to reconsider their decision to approve the application. — Strong opposition by the A.T.A. stopped the C.P.R. from entering the trucking business in Southern B.C. a short time ago. Members felt convinced that the C.P.R. application was the thin edge of a wedge by which the C. P. R. hoped to gain exclusive trucking rights over the soon-to-be completed Hope-Princeton Highway. If

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either the C.P.R. or the C.N.R. succeed in obtaining franchises over these routes, after applications from private parties to operate over the same or

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similar routes have been turned down, then the small business man will know definitely that he is governed by a different set of rules than those which govern 'big' business.

►The railroads are still fighting for a 30 percent overall increase in freight rates, and holding tenaciously to the stand that the 'equalization' issue is definitely 'out' so far as present hearings are concerned.

►The freight on 100 pounds of 5th class merchandise moving from Vancouver to Revelstoke is 68 cents. The freight on the same merchandise if moved in the opposite direction is 57 cents. This is the crux of the rail-rate battle. With Gordon C. Locke, K.C., spearheading the battle, B.C. was doing fine in its fight for equalization of rates — too good a job perhaps — for just two weeks before hearings were scheduled to begin in western Canada Mr. Locke was appointed to the Supreme Court, which appointment necessitated that Mr. Locke abandon his private practise — which forced B.C.'s key man out of the fight just when he was needed most. . . . The people responsible for the inequality in freight

rates — and who contend strongly that there is nothing 'unfair' about such discrimination — are the *selfsame people* whom Premier Hart hopes to have as partners in the P.G.E.

►In this case, of the Railroads versus the Provinces, there have been over one and a half million words of evidence taken. The theme of these words, plus some 300 exhibits, is that Canadian Railways need \$87,000,000 a year MORE than they are now getting, if they are to keep going efficiently. . . . They certainly must be in terrible financial shape — but are they? — The C.P.R., without its share of this 87 million dollar increase, is still going to pay a DIVIDEND on August 1st. — Without a doubt, the dividends would be much fatter after winning a 30 percent increase in rates.

►Canadian Trailway Stages, operating a tri-weekly service between Prince George and Smithers, have extended their service on to Hazelton. Their schedule is staggered so as not to coincide with the tri-weekly C.N.R. schedule, as a result of which the line west of Prince George has an almost daily service.

►Paramatta Airways, with headquarters in Williams Lake, have recently acquired their charter for commercial flying, and have equipped one of their planes, a Cessna, with pontoons. The plane is stationed at their base at Drummond Lodge on Williams Lake.

►Northcountry travel is becoming more air-borne with each passing month. Primary reason is the excellent daily north-south service rendered by C.P.A. — not to mention a great reduction in prices. Two years ago, round-trip fare from Fort St. John to Prince George was \$59.00 — today it is but \$24.90 — the trip takes 55 minutes.

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►For the first time in 10 years bus service from Ashcroft to Prince George was suspended - owing to poor road conditions. In previous years, even during the early spring 'break-up', seven-passenger stages and bigger busses carried on, seldom behind schedule. This spring however, the NEW ROAD, constructed last year between the '88' and the '93' was so bad that not even light cars could get over it, and those drivers who attempted the section soon became hopelessly bogged down, and the road was closed to ALL traffic. — Contrast this with what Peace River truckers have to say, to wit: "that at ALL TIMES OF THE YEAR, Spring, summer, fall and mid-winter, the Alaska Highway is in such good condition, having been PROPERLY constructed, that speeds of 60 miles per hour are possible over its entire length of 1600 miles. — Apparently there are any number of different kinds of NEW ROADS, and many kinds of ENGINEERS.

ROAD-BUILDING

►District Engineers throughout the northcountry are smiling and happy because of the unusually large appropriations made for 1947, which in many cases is almost double, and in the Cariboo District, nearly triple the usual amount. Appropriations are as follows: Arlin - \$40,000; Cariboo - \$190,000; Fort George - \$110,000; Lillooet - 105,000; MacKenzie - \$80,000; Omineca - \$160,000; Peace River - \$120,000; Prince Rupert - \$50,000; Skeena - \$120,000.

►For as long as north country residents can remember, and that is a long time, District Road Engineers have been hampered in their efforts to build and maintain good roads by more than anything else - a shortage of MONEY. Whenever these engineers were tackled by Boards of Trade or private citizens to 'do something' to this or that road, the answer has usually been to the effect that the Public Works Dept. would like to very much, but that it is doing as much as can be done with the money allotted them. Such was always the case. But now, at last, we have found one District Engineer who claims not to have been the least bit hampered by any shortage of money. Cariboo's district engineer stated flatly, "I had all the money I needed last year to keep all my machinery, and all the manpower available working at full capacity."

►June, July, August and September are the months of peak tourist travel in Cariboo and Northern B.C. — There are millions of dollars invested in tourist facilities and accommodation for the travelling public throughout the country. Poor roads can mean the difference between profit and loss to the

people who provide this accommodation. Resort owners have to show sufficient income in four or five months operation to justify investments of 25 thousand dollars or more — and yet, when the editor of this journal made three trips between Ashcroft and Prince George during the height of the tourist season NOT ONE GRADER was to be seen working on the road and residents along the highway agree that the road between the above two points (with the exception of the 40 miles on the north end) was in the worst condition that it had been for years.

►Government officials state, that if B.C. is on its toes this year, it will reap a \$50,000,000 harvest of tourist dollars. Many hundreds of thousands of these dollars would find their way north of Cache Creek, and be dropped off here and there along the highway through to Prince Rupert - IF the Main Highway were kept in decent condition — The LEAST that the Dept. of Public Works can do, is to keep the main highway graded and in good condition during the peak of the tourist season - so that 'incidents' may not occur such as happened last year

when the carburetor on a new car cracked off at the base due to excessive vibration caused by the extremely rough roads . . .

►Residents are not asking that the road be rebuilt overnight - but merely that the road, such as it is, be kept SMOOTH. It is not a great deal to ask - just that in each district ONE MAN, and ONE GRADER be kept at work exclusively on the main highway during the tourist season — And it is especially not a great deal to ask from engineers who have "all the money they need".

►Several bridges throughout the north country are to be rebuilt. Largest of these is the Nechako River Bridge at Vanderhoof, to be rebuilt at a cost of \$245,000. Others are: Likely Bridge - \$16,000; Skeena Suspension Bridge - \$90,000; Williams Creek Bridge - \$15,000; Fraser Canyon (bridges generally) - \$300,000.

►Over a half million dollars has been appropriated for the rebuilding of various sections of road in the north, with distribution as follows: Cache Creek revision - \$150,000; Mile 93 to Mile 100 (Cariboo Highway) - \$200,000; Deep Creek revision - \$175,000; Aus-



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Italian Ranch revision - \$60,000; Prince George - Hansard - \$15,000; Clucultz Lake - \$15,000; Kwinitza Slide diversion - \$25,000; Kalum Lake - \$10,000. ►In 1946 a contract was let for the sum of \$168,000 to rebuild the Cariboo Highway between Mile 83 and Mile 93. Of this 10 miles, at least 3 miles was partially rebuilt in 1938, leaving new construction of 7 miles - at \$24,000 per mile. The original Cariboo Highway was constructed by T. B. Wright and John C. Galbraith for \$1700.00 per mile. For a period of approximately 3 weeks during the spring of this year the 83-93 mile section was impassable - for the first time in ten years (winter or summer). . . So much for modern road construction methods as practised in Cariboo - The public has now become quite reconciled to engineers statements that newly constructed roads cannot be other than 'mud holes' during the spring 'run-off' because of the 'settling', and that the 'settling' continues anywhere from 2 to 4 years. — The Romans did better than that 2000 years ago - with two-wheeled carts and hand implements - their roads have lasted, and are in use to this day.

►The \$200,000 appropriation covering construction from the 93 to the 100 Mile, works out at \$28,500 per mile - an increase of \$4,500 per mile over last year's cost (per mile). At least 50 percent of this newly-to-be-constructed section is on the long hill immediately south of the 100 Mile House and it is generally understood that hillside construction is considerably cheaper than any other type - but apparently in Cariboo everything works in reverse, and costs go up, when they should go down.

►Noticeable by their absence in the above list are appropriations for the highway through to Bella Coola (18 miles - which would provide B.C. with a third outlet to the coast), and for the highway east of Prince George through to McBride which would give Canada a second 'trans-continental' highway. Preliminary surveys on the latter route have been promised for this year pending a move to seek Dominion Government aid for the project.

►Construction Company officials state that if the Government gets busy on the Parsnip River Bridge, it is possible that by late December the HART HIGHWAY will be open to traffic. It is expected that crews working from the north and south ends will be no more than ten miles or so apart when snow flies, and that the crews will meet at, or near, the Parsnip River bridge crossing. It is obvious from this that the bridge cannot be built this year as there will be no means of transporting material to the proposed

site. Allowing all of 1948 for the construction of the bridge, it looks as if the 'grand opening' ceremony will take place early in 1949 - our next scheduled election year - Delays are proving to be good political strategy.

►The Vancouver Sun pointed out editorially that it is high time that B.C. had a Highway Commission. It has been long advocated by forward-looking citizens who would like to see B.C.'s road communications system taken out of the realm of political influence so that it can be forged quickly and efficiently into one of B.C.'s major assets.

►In our Spring issue Editorial, we coined the word 'Engineeritus'. Immediate and stormy protest from Government engineers was the (to be expected result) A construction company official, upon reading the editorial said that we hit the nail squarely on the head. Asked why this was so, he said, "Private Companies pay GOOD engineers double or triple the salary that our government is willing to pay - consequently the better engineers gravitate toward private concerns." The Hon. E.T. Kenney, Minister of Forests, has noticed, and resented this trend so much that it was brought to the atten-

tion of the Legislature during the last session.

►Asked exactly how and why this affected a contract road construction job, the reply was, "We contract to move dirt, gravel, trees and overburden at so much per cubic yard or acre of clearing. Exactly how this dirt and gravel is to be moved, and where, is decided by your government engineers. An inefficient engineer can have us move hundreds of thousands of yards of dirt and gravel - and still not have much of a ROAD." - It still looks like a case of 'Engineeritus'.

Ranching

►Virtually all of the officers of the Cariboo Cattlemen's Association were re-elected during the recently held annual meeting at Williams Lake. Two directors who left the association, Mrs. Elsa B. Maxwell, of Chezacut, and C. Stewart of Buffalo Creek, were replaced by Alvis Knoll of Chezacut and Harold J. Cripps of Big Lake. The twelve directors are: Lord Martin Cecil, May Pigeon, J. Zirnhelt, Ray Hargreaves, Chas. Moon, Duke Martin, M. Reideman, G. Bayliff, George Mayfield, Frank Mayfield and Dan Lee. The twelve directors representing outlying districts are: H. Zirnhelt, F.N. Felker, A. Jeffrey, R. Chuch, H.W. Brown, G.W. Felker, Mell Mayfield, A. Knoll and H.J. Cripps.

►Most important problem facing Cariboo ranchers today is the impending lifting of the subsidy on prairie feed grains by the Dominion Gov. on August 1st. Should this subsidy be lifted, and there is no assurance that it won't, it will place Cariboo livestock producers in a very unfavourable position.

Alberta beef, and beef produced elsewhere in Canada, is generally conceded to be much superior to the grade of beef that was produced in Cariboo before partial grain-finishing became possible through the subsidy on feed oats and barley (of \$5 and \$10 respectively) paid out by the Dom. Gov't. This was due to the fact that nearly all other provinces have UNLIMITED supplies of CHEAP feed grains for finishing their stock. Up to the present time beef has been needed in tremendous quantities, and the Dominion Government encouraged B.C. production with a subsidy. With economists agreeing that a 'buyer's market' is just around the corner, Cariboo Cattlemen will find themselves out on a limb just when the limb is beginning to weaken - if the subsidy is lifted.

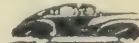
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Association have been working on a recommendation that the Dominion Government continue the subsidy, claiming that B.C. cannot produce sufficient grain for feeding its poultry and livestock; that grain is essential to the orderly marketing of livestock and poultry, and that the industry is a vital part of the national economy. The recommendation is to be handed on to the B.C. Beef Grower's Association to endorse before being sent to the Government.

► Should this recommendation be turned down, the cattlemen will have no choice but to turn to the Provincial Government, for while the recommendation stated that B.C. could not produce enough grain to meet her needs, that statement is not in our opinion, a true statement of the facts. - It is true that B.C. does not produce - within the boundaries of her southern communications system - sufficient grain for her needs, and must 'import' grain from Alberta - but it is equally true that some of the self-same grain that is so imported, is produced in B.C.'s own lush Peace River District, and that this grain (though it is produced not 400 miles from Cariboo) must travel nearly 2000 miles if it is to reach the Cariboo via the existing railroad network.

Since the Provincial Government accepted full responsibility of north-south railroad communications in northern B.C. by 'taking over' the P.G.E. 30 years ago, and by turning down every subsequent offer by private capital to purchase and produce the rails to the Peace River - the responsibility of WHO should pay the subsidy rests squarely with the Provincial Government - and not with the Dominion Government. By no stretch of the imagination can the Federal Government be held responsible for the NON-COMPLETION of the P.G.E. - and it is this very non-completed state of B.C.'s own railroad which makes it impossible for B.C. stockmen to buy grain produced within her own boundaries at a price which will allow them to successfully compete with other Canadian producers.

► A 'sow Farrowing Centre' has been established in the Peace River Block - the first of its kind in Western Canada - and 8 to 10 week old piglets are now going to market, and to farmers who dislike running the risks of raising them from scratch - in PLANES, 100 at a time and as far as 1000 miles. The whole idea is the result of years of thought on the problem of how to raise pigs scientifically by Ed. Hawly, son of an Ontario farmer who specialized in pigs. Hawley's piggery is said to resemble a cross between hospital ward and a box factory, and piglets

of pure Yorkshire stock are turned out en-masse like our modern hatcheries turn out chicks. Hawley says that his 'little layout', as he calls it, runs to around \$50,000, but that a 'pig-hatchery' modernly mechanized and layed out to accommodate about 2000 brood sows would cost \$200,000, but that once properly set up could be operated by three or four men - with costs, per pig, about half what it costs the average farmer.

►Cattlemen of the south Cariboo are about fed to the gills with the continued loss of cattle through being run down by the P.G.E. In March, 19 head were slaughtered at one time, in a one mile stretch of the right-of-way - the train allegedly couldn't stop in time - but is said to have stopped very quickly when a boulder showed up on the right-of-way.

Total number of cattle lost to ranchers in this way in the past 12 months is 30 head, - valued at approximately \$3000. Ranchers never get any reimbursement for such losses - the P.G.E. is taking refuge behind the rather formidable barrier of the Provincial Railway Act which classes it as a railway 'still under construction' in which case it cannot be held responsible for such losses.

Various remedial suggestions to relieve the situation were proposed by various government officials, namely: (1) Insurance against such losses, (2) the creation of a 'fund' from which ranchers would be reimbursed to the extent of 75 percent of their losses, the fund to be kept liquid by contributions from the Railway, the Stockmen's Ass'n., and the Dept. of Agriculture, (3) fencing those points where most losses occur - Stockmen rejected the first two proposals flatly, on the grounds that acceptance would constitute an admission of defeat - and rejected the third proposal as valueless - stating that the P.G.E. already had mile upon mile of fences lying FLAT. Ranchers are sticking to their objective - and are fighting for an amendment to the Railway Act to bring it more nearly in line with the Dominion Railway Act, and make the P.G.E. directly responsible for what damage it does. - Said the Kamloops Sentinel, on this matter, "The legal loophole into which the Province of British Columbia, in the guise of the P.G.E., has crawled, is no place for a self-respecting person to hide." - We would like to add - That if the B.C. Government continues to abide in this dark little hole, it is very possible that termites will attack them from the rear - C.C.F. termites - It would be ever so much more dignified to emerge voluntarily and in a gentlemanly way make the proper amendments have to be prodded into it.



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on the Lakeshore

FORT ST. JAMES, B.C.

The Editors Go Fishing

continued from page 45

the fish were jumping, they would immediately quit jumping there and began jumping somewhere else, and we would chase after them only to have the same thing happen again - it was uncanny. Vern's right arm must have grown tired, for he switched to his left, but right or left he was still drawing blanks - not one rise - not even a snag did he hook to momentarily give rise to our spirits thinking it might be a fish.

By this time we were at the far end of the lake, and of course there wasn't a thing jumping at that end — the fish were all playing around in the little bays we had just left. . .

"Don't you think I might try for awhile?" I asked tentatively, thinking of the gorgeous creation I had last tied to my leader, and that it might possibly be just the thing for this end of the lake.

"Remember our agreement," said Vern with a cold smile in my direction. "I catch the first one, and then you can have a go at it."

"O K, O K," I said, "But won't you please put on another fly? Surely you don't expect a ten-pound trout to be really interested in that imitation of a 'no-sde-um' you have on your line — why even if there were a dozen of them there still wouldn't be enough for a decent sized trout to taste — and besides, now that the sun's gone down they're the same colour as the water — you need something bright."

He looked at me with disgust, and kept right on casting - with the same fly. "If you really want to know why I'm not catching them, it's because the fish aren't feeding right now, he said complacently. "But they'll start pretty soon, and when they do - boy, you'd better have that camera ready!"

"Not feeding?" I exploded. "Well what in tarnation do you think all those fish are doing dack there?" I waved my arm in the general direction of all the fish jumping. "Feeding on flies," I continued, "that's what they're doing, and if you'd only put on a decent fly you'd be catching them by the dozen, that's what! — Hummph, not feeding.

He looked at me pityingly. "Just because a fish jumps, or breaks water doesn't mean that it's feeding," he said sarcastically. "Even you should know that."

"Sure," I sneered, "sure, I know - they're jumping out just to have a look at us baboons - or better still, they're jumping because it's Spring and they're just plain downright happy, and dancing for joy - Spring stuff, you know - 'The voices that trill in the Spring tra-la, tra-la, tra-la. . . ' Sure, that's it! Someone's been out here playing Gilbert and Sullivan to them!"

Did I say that Vern didn't have any patience? Well, I was wrong. He gave me a dirty look, and went right on fishing - *with the same fly*.

I could see that he would never change it now. He was determined to show me that he could catch a fish

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with it even if we had to keep circling the lake all night, or maybe till next fall or whenever is is that trout bite at that particular kind of a fly. He kept casting, and I kept on rowing. Soon we were back down to the little bay where the boat had been moored and there they were, jumping just as they were before we had got into the boat! But as soon as we entered the bay, they quit cold. It was maddening, simply maddening. Even Vern's self assurance seemed to be on the wane. I tried to think back to when I was a kid - playing hookey in order to go fishing. Did the fish quit jumping as soon as I got out on the raft? - They certainly didn't! - There was something very fishy about the way these fish were behaving, I thought - something strange and different - just as though they mightn't really be fish after all, but some...

Just then Vern let out a disgusted snort. "Fools! that's what we've been. Blithering fools!" He began reeling in furiously, and I quit rowing. My hands were raw and red. The blisters had broken.

Vern continued berating our intelligence. "Here we've been chasing the fish clear from one end of the lake to the other, and wondering why none of them stayed near enough to the boat to catch. Downright foolish!... Why, there isn't a ripple on the water, and this tub scares everything for hundreds of feet around."

He tossed the spinner overboard (with line attached of course) and said, "Get a move on - we'll get them now alright. We were fools to think that we could catch anything within a hundred feet of the boat. Now, by trolling, we can let out enough line so that the spinner will be right in the thick of them after we pass by - and the way they're feeding, why..."

"Feeding?" I almost shouted. "Didn't you tell me a few minutes ago that they weren't feeding; that they had hay fever or something?"

"Never mind," he barked. "Get busy. We haven't much daylight left, and if we're going to get any pies we better get moving."

I rowed... I wanted to ask him what he meant by saying we were fools, when it had definitely been he, and he alone, who had been fishing, but instead I just rowed. There was a dusky blue haze settling over the west end of the lake under the shadow of the hill, and we had at best an hour before the light would be too poor for picture-taking.

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But if that isn't just like a fisherman — Anything for an excuse - They are *not* feeding - They *are* feeding, but not in that particular spot - Or they're feeding on something else - Or else the sky isn't just right - Or the boat is all wrong. Anything but the truth, that they don't know how to catch them . . . Vern let out a couple of hundred feet of line. . . I rowed. . . Fifteen minutes later we were again down at the far end of the lake.

You've heard of the good old sailing boat expression of being 'be-calmed', meaning that the ship is in a dead spot in the centre of the ocean, a spot where nothing is stirring, \ no wind to fill the sails. . . . The word always makes me think of a circle of perfectly calm water with a sailing ship in the middle of it, but that outside the circle everything is very lively — winds are blowing, gulls soaring and white caps dancing merrily along — Well, we were becalmed, so to speak. Around our boat was a circle of still, calm water, and outside that circle things were quite lively, with fish jumping to beat sixty. No matter where we moved our circle moved with us, and despite the fact that Vern's spinner trailed out past the edge of the circle he didn't catch a thing. . . .

As we started down the other side of the lake Vern perked up. "There's someone else down the lake," he said.

"Another poor sucker," I sneered. "Probably some other sap who listened to Docherty. How do we *know* that he caught those fish he showed you here, in his lake?" I demanded. "It could have been Six-Mile, or Tibbles."

"Rats!" exclaimed Vern. "There's lot's of fish here — they're just not biting right now."

I eased up on the oars, and controlling my voice as best I could, said coldly, "Now lets get this straight. First you say they're not biting - and then you say the *are* biting - and now because you can' catch anything, they are *not* biting. Are you cracked or am I?

"If they were biting, we'd be catching them," he answered. "There's positively no reason why, if they're feeding, we shouldn't have caught one by now. As a matter of fact, judging by

continued to page 78



* * *

Little Bear dont get uneasy,
Although you are so fat and greasy.
I wonder if it would be wise,
To cut you up and make some pies.
Oh, run along my little pard,
I'll try again to buy some lard.
And if you really wonder why,
Well, my bullet was a trifle high.

— H.H. Neave

* * *

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AS I SEE IT

continued from page 42

necessity of providing rail connection with our great central interior and the northern part of our province.

►The amazing history of the Pacific Great Eastern Railway is a story of ineptitude and vacillation almost incredible.

In 1912, in a general election, the Government ratified an agreement with Foley Welch and Stewart, to construct and operate this railroad from Vancouver to Prince George, with the ultimate objective of tapping the Peace River. The contractors went to work and by 1916 had the road built and operating to Clinton (about halfway to Prince George) with the other half being about 60 to 70 percent completed. The outbreak of the war in 1914 caused financial trouble for the contractors, and by 1916 they approached the then Government to assist them over their difficulties by asking for a loan of 8 million dollars to complete the road to Prince George and Vancouver. After some deliberation, Legislation was provided for loaning the company 6 million dollars and the company agreed to proceed with their construction work with this amount.

During the same year (1916) the government was obliged to go to the country and was soundly beaten. The new (Liberal) government declined to

implement the terms of the authorized loan and construction ceased. For three years negotiations continued and at the end of that time the contractors were released from their contract and the government took over. Work was resumed in 1919 by the government and continued until 1921, when the road was completed to Quesnel, which still remains the northern terminus. However the government continued with the construction from Quesnel to Prince George, and completed the grade and laid the steel from both Quesnel and Prince George until only 40 miles remained uncompleted. Work was again suspended, because of the differing opinions on how best to cross the Cottonwood river. As a matter of fact the government revised the grade between Quesnel and the Cottonwood and built a new grade which partially slipped into the Cottonwood and apparently discouraged the authorities.

In the meantime the Federal Government was obliged to take over the Grand Trunk Pacific, Canadian Northern and Canadian Government lines from Quebec to Winnipeg and amalgamate the whole insolvent structures of these enterprises into what is now the Canadian National Railways.

At this point it would be well to remember that the Pacific Great Eastern was built as a connecting link of the Grand Trunk Pacific from Prince George to Vancouver. It has always

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AS I SEE IT

been my contention that our provincial government, at that time, was derelict in its duty when they did not insist on this branch line of the Grand Trunk Pacific being taken over by the Federal Government and amalgamating it with the other insolvent lines. Many of the conglomeration of lines that went to make up what is now the Canadian National were included with much less reason for inclusion than the P.G.E. would have had.

►Now, in 1947 Premier is in Ottawa seeking co-operation from this same Canadian National Railway system, as well as from the Canadian Pacific and the Federal Government for the completion of the P. G. E. to the Peace River.

In the meantime this same Premier is proceeding with construction of a Highway paralleling the route of the proposed extension of the railroad.

►It is difficult to condemn the construction of this highway except from the standpoint of priority. A highway will not assist in the settlement of the Peace River. The existence of the agricultural lands and coal reserves were as well known in 1919 and 1920 as they are today, except that there undoubtedly is more detailed information of the resources at the present time because of more specific surveys

of their extent.

►The government should have applied all its resources to the completion of the railway instead of spending anywhere from six to ten millions dollars on a highway.

►In the meantime we have sunk almost another million dollars in prospecting for oil in the Peace River Block an expenditure which which might better have been left to the oil companies who even the Government must concede, are fairly competent to decide when an examination of this kind is in the general interest.

►How many voters in B.C. have taken note of Tim Buck's boast in London, at a convention of Empire Communists, that 'the party in Canada which had been banned during war-time, was still gallantly carrying on under the new name of Progressive Labour Party'?

And what is greater interest is that he boasted that British Columbia was the most fertile field in Canada for **COMMUNISM!**



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CARIBOO TRAGEDY

continued from page 41

the woods. If anyone can make it, you can, a relief party is their only hope, so its up to you. John," he finished.

Faced with this argument, John had no choice but to go, and as soon as daylight began to show, he and the Indian started for the 'Forks', taking with them their packs and the small portion of food that was to be theirs. The first few days, being fresh, they made good time. Wisely, they camped early to give themselves plenty of time to make a good camp.

"It is a mistake," John said later, in telling of the trip, "not to make as good a bed as possible. . . . Stop early, instead of travelling until dark and then lying down anywhere, too tired to do anything.

So it was, that the pair of them travelled, husbanding their strength as the long hard trail stretched before them. The scant supply of food diminished, and each day they travelled a bit less. Then one day the food was all gone, with the journey's end not yet in sight. On they trudged, doggedly following the trail. Night fell, they camped, and again it was morning and time to push themselves onward. Night fell again, and they stopped, exhausted and empty. Then it was, when their resources were nearing an end, that the Indian brought forth a piece of pemican he had saved as a last resort.

"It wasn't a large piece," John said, "but if it hadn't been for that we would never have made it. That pemican saved our lives."

Next morning, strengthened somewhat by rest and the bit of food, they took up the task, and struggling on, at last struck the Fraser River some miles above Quesnel. By good fortune they came upon a patch of garden, and finding the pit where the potatoes had been buried, had a meal of them. By this time both were very weak, so weak, that they had to rest part of the next day before they could resume

their journey. Fortune again smiled on them, for they spied a canoe pulled high on the bank. By using the last ounce of their strength they managed to push it down to the water, tumbled in, and with the strong current it was easy going to Quesnelle, where they told of the plight of the rest of the party.

While kindly villagers attended to their wants, others busied themselves getting together necessary supplies, and early next day the rescue party, with pack animals loaded with food and medicine, got under way. The urgency of the situation drove them to as great a speed as possible, straining as they hurried for some sight or sound of the main party of twenty-three. . . . On - on - up the slopes, and down again. . . . Around the side of the hill, maybe we'll see them. . . . On - on. . . . There! There they are! And a shout of encouragement and cheer hailed the weak, exhausted men who were making their painful way towards them. Only a few of them were there,

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CARIBOO TRAGEDY

an advance party of more stamina than the others, though even so they were at the end of their endurance.

At the spot where rescuers and rescued met, a camp was hastily set up, and the worn travellers were cared for by a few of the rescue party while the remainder hurried forward in search of those who had lagged behind. Gradually they picked them up, feebly struggling on, and some they found who had given up the struggle onward but who were still alive. Strong hands reached out to assist them, and lead them to the camp. Now all but 8 were accounted for, and the rescuers pressed on. At intervals they found

them, eight who had died along the way, sitting or lying by their packs in their last sleep. And there, just off the trail along which they had set forth so hopefully, they were buried, good comrades all.

By easy stages the survivors were brought to Quesnelle, where they were nourished back to health by the townsfolk. A collection was taken up among the boys, and turned over to John, in gratitude for his having gotten through in time to get help, but as "one of the bunch" himself, he passed it on to his Indian companion, - "in exchange for the pemican" he said, "without which, I too may have fallen by the trailside."



The Battle of the Sexes



It is reported from New York that Eugene O'Neill, the great dramatist, is at work on a new play which is so daring that it may never be permitted to be shown. Unlike "The Iceman Cometh", "The Hairy Ape", or any of his other great works, O'Neill now tackles a subject which involves a battle between the sexes. The heroine heads a movement among the women of all nations to cease all tender surrenders to men until such time as war is outlawed and world disarmament is assured. The heroine - whose father was killed in World War One, her grandfather in the Spanish-American War, her three brothers and her sweet heart in World War Two - makes such a success of the movement that the world-wide strike she leads completely upsets business, politics, law, industry and everything else. After one year of stubbornly holding out, there are no children born in any of the countries involved. This is grave business indeed. . . . There is ample scope for humour, involving unemployment among radio singers and moving picture lovers. Women boycott all pictures where love is the theme. High school girls swing in with their mothers and older sisters and freeze all former boy-friends. At the end of the second year, the men come around, including the burly communists. They sign on the dotted line. The atomic bomb is destroyed and all the navies are sunk into the deep. An international police force of the air is set up. Women have equal place with men in all legislatures, parliaments, congressional bodies, soviets, and kuomintang.

Danged if we don't think it would work - it might be worth a try ladies

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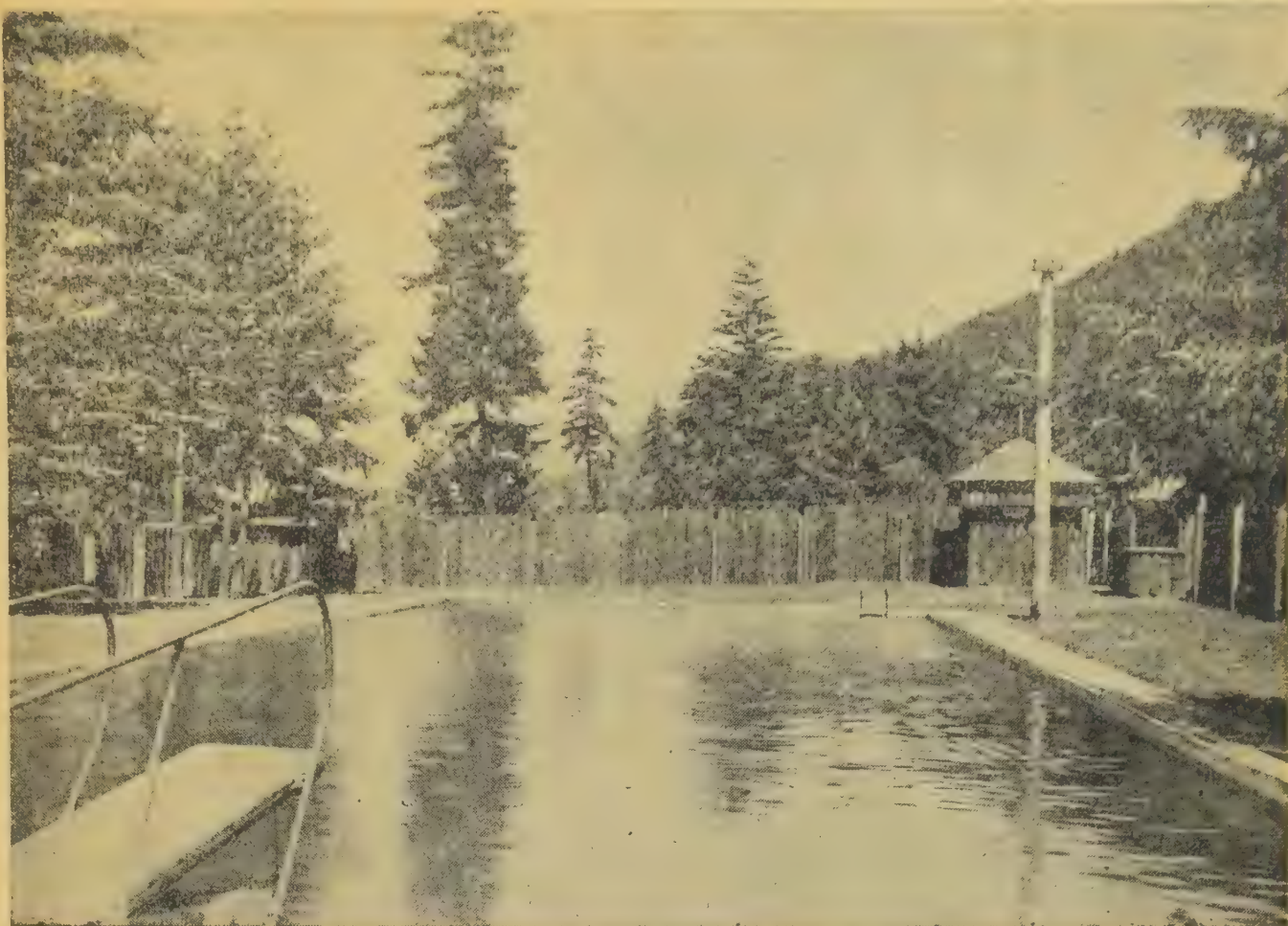
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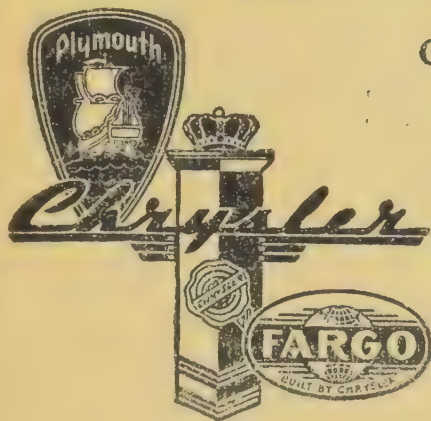
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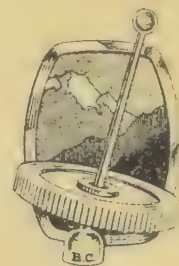
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Cariboo Roadhouse Keeper

continued from page 37

smoking or playing cribbage and others just sitting with thoughts very far away, the Duke was asked for a story. He told them of a six-week prospecting trip he had taken shortly before. All in the room knew that he smoothed over the rough spots of his trip in telling the story, for no game had fallen to the veteran prospector's gun.

"But," he said, rising from the chair and striding to the homemade centre table, "I'm going to show you fellows the best prospect the good creator ever gave to man."

Seats were hastily vacated. Big miners elbowed their way to his side in anticipation. Faces were tense and expectant in the yellow kerosene light, for the Duke was regarded by all as a veritable King Midas. When he was sure that he had everyone's attention he slowly took a worn, greasy, buckskin pouch from his pocket. Opening the mouth, he lowered it carefully to the table. Emotions indescribable flashed from that hard-hitting, gold-panning crowd as out rolled twelve brown beans.

"All the gold in Cariboo couldn't buy those beans," became Duke's most famous words. - They were found later among his treasured possessions.

One fall evening as old Jim was treading the deepened trail from barn to house, he stopped to watch a wager that had sprung up between the two teamsters. Two one inch boards were reared against the wall of the house, and the teamsters backed away from them, judging the distance with keen eye. A hardwood handle was grasped by each, and two deadly, lead-loaded blacksnakes quickly uncoiled above their heads, to make vicious snaps at intervals as they reached their length.

Whir-r-r-bang! Streaky slivers, flew from the board, but it remained unbroken. Whir-r-r-bang! The second board was cut neatly in half. The top half hurtled round and round in the air till it clattered like an injured bird to the ground. With a twist of the wrist, each blacksnake coiled in circles

over the teamster's head to fall neatly in bracelets about neck and shoulders.

And so to dinner, after which these dust-eating teamsters asked old Jim to give them a 'toon' on the phonograph. Music was never so much enjoyed. The strains of 'When the Sunset Turns the Ocean Blue to Gold' piped weakly forth from the old cylinder-type machine. The company lolled dreamily on fur-covered couches, but two grizzled heads were bowed in that room, their faces covered with knotted, horny hands. Perhaps the odd tear trickled through bony fingers. Two hearts thrilled under worn buckskin vests, as again, they were whisked across the border to the old farms that grew them. As the record coughed to an end, one of them walked outside. Many a cloud of dust had he put between himself and Oklahoma. "It's bin a long, long, time."

They were men of the stock that had to fight everyday of their lives to protect what they possessed.

But what was that dust cloud to the south? It was spring time and the Lillooet Indians, some three hundred of them - braves, squaws, maidens, papooses - were all going north to the great gold diggings to pack stores to the miners on outlying creeks.

The roadhouse was full of miners headed north to the Eldorado, Barkerville. Their heavy packs lay deep on the L-shaped verandah. Many such had this kindly house sheltered. Those who could pay their way, did so; while others paid when they came back in the fall, or, in some cases, years afterwards. Some didn't pay at all. They were laid to rest in tiny cemeteries, or under pine-slab boards along the bonanza trail.

Four long teams, heavily loaded, were strung out on the road. The supporting boughs of the canvas top creaked at every motion and the wheels were turning slowly, for every foot of the distorted road was gained by relentless toil. A swiftly moving cloud of dust was observed a mile or so to the south by the jerk-line teamsters.

Long jerk-lines were tightened and released, to be tightened again and let free. The last team was no sooner to

the side of the road, when a spanking ten-up dashed into view, the lines glittering from the splits to the driver's hands. Here was a driver who had earned his present position by 'knowing how'. Staccato pops resounded upon the air from the stage driver's whip. These noises all conveyed different meanings to the horses - a strange language that called for 'courtesy of the road'. These were the foam-flecked and lathering aristocrats of the trail, sacrificing everything to make schedule time. Rough jokes were exchanged by those on the surging, swaying box seat of the mail coach and the grimy teamsters placidly sitting their wheel horses. A dim splash of red blurred through the dust, as the coach on its thick leather springs wheeled rapidly by.

A wintry afternoon lingered in the old man's dreams - and what an afternoon it was! Smothering sheets of snow were driven to earth by whipping winds. Once in a while, Jim would look up from his book to see one or two fenceposts through a shaft in the storm huddling deeper beneath growing caps of snow; or the grey shapes of haybarns that darkened and faded beyond the sifting screen of snow. Then there

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were voices, lusty, laughing voices; and the air tingled from the vibration of sleigh bells. Old Jim put down his book and poked his head out the door. One sleigh whirled from out the feathery mass and pulled up with a flourish "Hello, Jim, how's a-boy?"

"Wal, wal," ejaculated Jim. "If it ain't Hi and Mrs. Hi. How are yuh? Come right in." Turning to a choreboy, "Ho, Bill. Step out and fetch the robes in."

Again came the music of bells, and another brightly-coloured vehicle glided swiftly in on Dutch-curved runners.

"Wal, if it ain't Tom Gleason and the Mrs." he exclaimed. "What's 'a-matter, Tom. Haven't seen yuh in over a year?"

Before Jim finished the last word, three more sleighs swerved into the yard. No matter how much Jim spoke now, he could never be heard. There was the swish of more runners, horses snorting, bells tinkling in a thousand half-tones, children singing, women laughing, and the house dogs yelping at strange canine forms, and men clinking bottles of good cheer. Jim's plumpish, pinafores wife came to his rescue, brushed the rust of snow from his hair and pulled him aside.

"Come, Jim, best get shaved. There's a surprise party coming off. Hurry up now."

"Wal, bless my soul!" exclaimed Jim in astonishment. "Of all the surprise parties I've seen and I didn't tumble

to it."

At six o'clock that evening, sixty people sat down to a lengthy, abundantly-spread table. Two Chinese cooks dug into the huge oven with miniature pitchforks, and heaved onto the cutting table a hind-quarter of savoury roast beef. Double-edged carvers worked back and forth, ploughing off steaming juicy slices. The kitchen door opened and a breathless choreboy came in, lugging behind him another quarter of beef, for the surprise was going to last three days.

Later that night, but when the hours were still early, Jim peered through a clear spot on a frosted window pane. The snow had ceased falling, and a white moon hung in an empty blue-black sky.

"By heck, here they come, thicker'n ever. The more the merrier." Silvery bells glittered as a long row of sleighs curved along the road. Here and there lanterns bobbed and swayed. "Just like a Christmas Card," thought Jim, "the prettiest I've ever seen."

In the big room a crowd had mustered instantly when fiddlers, mouth-organ players and drummers took up their places. Someone called, "Take your partners for a waltz."

Teamsters from the north and south came galloping in on their hoar-frosted saddle horses, leaving the swamper behind to bring the heavy teams along.

"Partners for a Schottische." - No intermission came after this - a change

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of partners, and on to the next number. — "Partners for a quadrille."

A huge Nova Scotian, on his way down from the mines with stake enough to take him home and settle him there, placed his dearest dreams aside for the moment. He whispered behind his hand to the fiddler, and the band salted down a breezy sea-chant. Skipping over the floor, hitching his trousers fore and aft, he folded his arms for the Sailor's Hornpipe. Loud applause made the broad rafters ring as the miner was encored. More tweedy than was imaginable, he saluted the legendary kilts with the Highland Fling. "Hi - yahoo!" Every eye was on the fluttering, twinkling feet which brought the dance to an end with a resounding stamp. Before the boards had a chance to squeak back into place, a grizzled rancher, with not the remotest idea of his age, tore into the centre of the room in a mad fantasy; but how smartly he stepped to the tune of 'Pick 'em up Silas, Lay 'em down Zeke'. Concluding all intricacies he remarked, "Fellers, ya ain't at yer best till yuh've turned eighty."

A wild rush was made to the floor. Stamping and laughing was soon put in order as the caller piped up shrilly, "Honour your partner and corners address. Then all join hands and away to the west."

Could the fiddlers last all night at that lick, and two more nights besides?

With the grey dawn edging through the windows came the hungering smell of bacon and eggs, the tropical aroma of steaming coffee, the ring of sliding dishes, the sputtering of spilled water on the stove, the crackling fires shewing on another helping of birch, a Chinaman's shuffling footsteps, and the wild clang of the breakfast gong on the nipping crystal air.

And then the next night peppered over the farm and roadhouse. What a party it had turned out to be, and the guests were just warming up. . . .

Loud laughter awoke the sleeper. Old Jim's eyes opened slowly. He raised his hands above his head.

"Ho-hum. So!" Glancing around for a moment, while wrinkles returned to the face that had been made young a short time by fleeting dreams, he mur-

mured, "Yes, the old days *are* gone."

He gazed south from the door. A long billow of dust clouded the trees grown tall with mounting years. But it was caused by neither freight team nor imposing stage coach. Instead, the groan of a six-wheel transport came closer. Feeling that there were sugar lumps in his pocket, he sauntered out to the corral where ranch horses drowsed the day away. One horse woke suddenly and side-stepped.

"Ho, Dirk. 'Lo, Mag." Ears perked up toward the welcome sound. Old Jim opened the gate and walked in among his best friends. Soft muzzles thrust out for tid-bits. Jim walked among them with a smile on his face - knowing every move. A dapple-grey mare nosed him around. Stroking the velvet neck, he gave Lassie the last of the sugar.

The mail plane skimmed by overhead. This was a world apart from Jim's own. The crowding tears came with a happiness that had known those days that had gone before. "Maybe they need them gadgets today," he muttered "But by heck — give me horses!"



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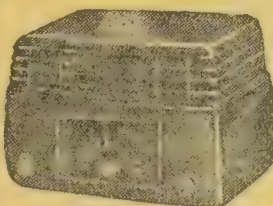
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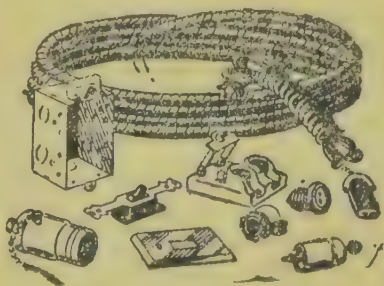
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Exile of Alexander McLean

Continued from page 32

with caved-in roof. Found skeleton on floor near door. This looks like evidence of early pioneer in this country. There were no other entries on this page so I closed the book intending to examine it thoroughly later. In the meantime I had to give my attention to the old man for he was speaking again.

"I am Alex McLean. Been prospecting in these hills for ten years. Come out once a year for grub." He was silent for a while, then "Been alone all these years. Folks all dead. Want to see nobody, so stayed in hills prospecting. Wife dead. Boy dead. My mind became sick and I couldn't face life anymore." Here he was overcome by exhaustion so I tendered him another spoon full of rum. Soon the old man continued. "Found gold. Lots of gold. No good to me so I just kept caching it." Pausing again, he closed his eyes and appeared to sleep. Fifteen minutes went slowly by and at last the lids wearily opened. Moments later and much weaker in voice, Alexander McLean resumed his halting story. "Went into the hills ten years ago and tried to loose myself. Didn't want to live anymore. Built a cabin where nobody could find me Carried in enough grub to last me two years. Shot lots of meat. Creeks full of trout. Nearly froze first winter cause I had no wood." The poor old man shuddered and after a while continued. "Forty two feet of snow that year. Awful country. The summer after that I found gold while digging a trough to get water nearer the cabin. Followed gold to gravel bank a hundred feet high not far away. Gravel full of gold. Built three cabins seven miles apart like a triangle. Lived in each one about three, four months each year. Been doing that for ten years. Once in a while I'd sluice out a little gold and cache it. Cache it near each cabin. Over three hundred ounces now. It's no good to me".

For a long time after this grief-stricken old man lay as in death, and as I gazed at him I tried to imagine

how he must have felt when so rudely interrupted in his eager quest for a cozy little farm-stead, for he and his beloved wife and son, by news of their so tragic and untimely demise. One cannot doubt therefore, that this affected his mind and caused his retreat from civilized life. That first winter alone in mountains of which he knew nothing must indeed have been terrible for he had none of the necessary experience with which to live safely with nature in its rawest state. However, he had managed to pull through and for the next ten years lived the life of a hermit, seeing no-one, except on those rare occasions when he made the hazardous journey into town for supplies. I busied myself for awhile tending the fire, then brewed a pot of coffee, fried some bacon and flapjacks and dined in silence.

It seemed hours before McLean again awakened and being eager to hear the remainder of his story I once more placed my chair close to his bed. After administering more soup and tucking in the blankets I waited patiently for him to resume. At long last he continued but his thoughts seemed to tread a new path. Old Alexander McLean suddenly smiled and through the stillness of the cabin I heard his next words. "Don't worry about me, young man, for I know that soon I will be dead. I am happy to die. This is the end of ten years of waiting. To feel that at long last my days of grief are over and that I am about to be with my dear Emma and our son, fills me with forgiveness for all the cruelties I have suffered. I go willingly and full of a strange happiness, Don't let my death worry you. Only be glad that you have witnessed the fulfilment of another of God's promises. Before I go, I want you to have all of my worldly possessions. You are a rich man if you can find my three cabins. They are yours, but you will have trouble finding them for I built them where only one other man has been before and his bones are still locked away in those mountains. My little book will show you the way.

He closed his eyes and after perhaps half an hour had gone by, all was silent. The rasping breath had ceased.

The old chest stilled its rise and fall and I was left alone with the earthly shell from which a tormented but at last peaceful soul had risen.

It was not until after I had made the necessary report to the proper authorities and attended the inquest where I was chief witness that I found time to examine my legacy, the little black book. I will not quote the record in its entirety, but will give notations which hold the most interest. My starting point shall be page twelve, dated June 6th 1925, which reads as follows: "Gold, the most useless and yet the most sought after metal in the world today, is here in quantity. Dug trough from creek to cabin for nearer water supply and noticed gold throughout the gravel. I know that at this moment I am rich beyond my wildest dreams but have little use for wealth so will leave it there".

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June 7th 1925. "Started today for Donald Creek where I intend to build cabin two. Seven large pines form the sides of moss-covered square upon which shall be built cabin two or Seven Pine Lodge as I shall call it. A monument to my son".

Jumping now to page 24 dated June 18th 1925. I find:- "Today finished walls of lodge. Killed beaver and found meat delicious. Gravel bank similar to that at cabin is just as heavy with gold. Made sluice box of shakes and lined with deer hide hair side up. Took out over one ounce in less than one hour. Made cache in rock bluff cave and planted pine in front of entrance".

Not until July 26th 1925, according to the book was cabin two finished. Page 50. July 26. . . Seven Pine Lodge at Donald Creek finished today and is a monument to my beloved son who died Sept. 9th. . . 1923, aged 11 years. To-day added half an ounce of gold to cache".

The next page interested me quite intensely for plans were, by this time, forming in my mind, and as I read on I began vaguely to suspect the location of Seven Pine Lodge. The entry explained:- Decided today to find good

location for Emma's monument. Followed Donald Creek for approximately two miles in a northerly direction and discovered a small river flowing due west. Caught trout and had lunch before proceeding down river four miles where I found another creek flowing from the southwest. Explored creek for a distance of about five miles and came across natural meadow where I counted 27 deer. This is location for Emma Creek Lodge, monument to

my wife.

The next dozen or so pages describe the building of the cabin, and how, while getting the last log in place, he slipped and broke three ribs. Then, at last:- August 31st 1925. . . "Lost all my meat to a prowling bear while at cache one. Cache one is behind old cabin of the skeleton. Have 14 ounces here. Named this creek Alexander Creek. Gravel bank here is huge bench and appears to have been, at one time, joined to that at Seven Pine Lodge. Further trace disappears at this point".

I noticed through the book that McLean never made excursions to town for supplies, oftener than once a year. All supplies were ordered shipped to Coquihalla Pass where he received them. Packing these goods into his camp always took a period of four weeks. He explains in one entry his system of carrying the food into the hills. Two weeks were spent in packing from Coquihalla pass to a cache he had, roughly halfway to Alexander Creek. Following the the Coldwater River upstream for five miles, McLean then turned northeast on an old game trail. After two miles the travelling became difficult and progress exceedingly slow. At this point all trails seem to disappear and continuance from here on is by instinct alone. Not wishing to be disturbed or bothered by anyone, McLean kept his route a

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secret. That nobody ever discovered his whereabouts is quite evident, for not once is mention made of interlopers. However, according to the log-book, the distance from Coquihalla Pass to Alexander Creek, is approximately 25 miles. This may or may not be correct as I do not know the means used in measuring the mileage over this rough territory. However, the general direction of travel was practically due north from his starting point. The last two entries in the book are as follows:-

August 28, 1933. Cached one ounce gold at Donald Creek cache. This makes total here of 124 ounces and Alexander Creek Cache of 181 ounces. There must be thousands of ounces in these benches but I do not want gold. I want peace which seems never to come to me.

August 31, 1933. "Feel very sick today. Lost my way yesterday and stayed out all night in rain. Arrived at Emma Lodge two hours ago and she seemed to be trying to tell me something. Everything going dark. Must get back to Alexander Creek. Go crazy- - -

Here all entries cease and I can tell that McLean never did reach his destination, but instead, wandered for days before finally falling across my trail near Brodie. He had travelled miles aimlessly. His condition, when I discovered him, was beyond all aid, lying in a rain which had been falling constantly for two weeks. I forgot to mention the date of McLean's death. It happened on the 9th day of September 1933, at, according to my old alarm clock on the shelf, 2.30 A. M. This may have been just coincidence, but every man is entitled to his own superstitions. I honestly admit I have mine.

As winter comes early in the mountains and travel is not safe I spent the months until late spring formulating plans and gathering a necessary array of equipment for the treasure hunt which is the dream of many a red-blooded man's life. I will not dwell at length upon that trip for it was indeed hard and of no interest to anyone save myself. I will state, though, that I became lost and the

final ten days were spent without food and in final desperation wended a course westerly and came out at the mouth of the Anderson River at Boston Bar. This is the most rugged country I have ever seen and the obstacles in places, almost insurmountable. I remember seeing, in the midst of my ordeal, that which I am positive was Seven Pine Lodge, but the distance too great and the chance of survival too small for one in my condition to undertake the accompanying gamble for survival.

As I sit here in cogitation and reminiscence, new plans come creeping into my mind and I find myself once again harbouring thoughts of a treasure hunt. As I know much more about the country, I am inclined to think that when spring comes again my footsteps will once more turn north in quest of Alexander McLean's Retreat from civilization, and I am quite sure that this time I will not come back until I have found the secret locked in the heart of the hills.

* * *

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Gateway to Tweedsmuir

Murdered by a GRIZZLY

continued from page 80

him, "You were an ex-Northwest Mounted Policeman, and call yourself a 'frontiersman', and yet you allowed a man, totally unused to frontier conditions, to go into the bush without any pre-arranged signal in case he might become lost or meet with an accident, and also allowed him to go unarmed in such a country." The judge, however, gave permission that the death of Sir Arthur could be presumed.

In London, many years later, I was talking to a small group of acquaintances on the strangeness of hearing part of the story at first hand from Pocock, and the second part away out on the veldt in South Africa, when a gentleman whom I had only met that day, spoke up and said, "I can tell you the rest of the story."

This man, Mr. Alexander McNabb, then told of how at the time he was in charge of the Hudson's Bay Post at Quesnel, and of how Lady Curtis, on receipt of the cable announcing that her husband was 'missing', at once applied to the Hudson's Bay Company, asking them to cable their nearest post and to spare no expense in endeavouring to find Sir Arthur, or at least to find out what had happened to him. Mr. McNabb's post at Quesnel, being nearest the scene, was the one receiving the instructions to institute a search and upon receipt of these instructions he had engaged the best Indian trackers in the North Country.

The trackers had proceeded to Mud

River and were able to trace Sir Arthur's tracks through the bush. They found where he had made small fires, and followed his tracks for two days until they came to a place where his trail was crossed and followed by the trail of an enormous grizzly bear. The Indians were afraid to go further into the dense brush and returned. They made a sketch for Mr. McNabb showing what they had found, the route that Sir Arthur had taken, and the place where the Grizzly Bear tracks joined the tracks of Sir Arthur.

Some months after McNabb had given up the search, he had heard that some American prospectors, who had been travelling on the opposite side of Mud River at the time, had heard yells and shouts in the bush and they, thinking that the commotion was that of hostile Indians, had quietly packed their outfit and moved away. Later, upon hearing the story of Sir Arthur, and checking dates, they felt sure that the shouting they heard was poor Curtis.

This is all that has ever been found out about the disappearance. The supposition that he was shot by a disgruntled Indian packer, as suggested in the newspapers of that day, is sheer imagination, and does not conform at all with the known facts. Perhaps one day some hunter or prospector will stumble on a few scattered bones in the Mud River area — end of the road for a proud young man who one day long ago set sail from England to seek his fortune in the Klondyke.



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The Editors Go Fishing

continued from page 58

the number of fish jumping, we would have caught a dozen if they were jumping at all."

"That's just fine," I said. "So long as we get it straight." I started rowing again. "As long as they're NOT biting, we might as well go home — right?"

"Well. . . .," he hesitated, "we just *might* catch one before we get down to the other end of the lake." There was faint hope in his statement. I could see that he had almost given up hope.

I looked at my blistered hands. "How can you do that if they're not biting?" I asked relentlessly.

Suddenly he jumped up. "Holy cow! Look at that," he shouted, gesticulating wildly up the lake behind my back.

I turned, and there was the other boat, two hundred yards up the lake, and a man was standing in the stern. The rod in his hand bent in a tight arc — fifty feet from the boat there was a gleam of silver as a huge rain bow broke water shaking spray in all directions. As the fish disappeared into the depths we heard the sing of the reel as the man let the fish take the line. Again the fish broke water, but this time the man reeled in quickly. For ten minutes the battle went on before the man was able to dip his net under the fish and lift it into the boat. Even if I had remembered the camera, we were too far away for any details to have stood out.

"Start rowing!" shouted Vern wildly. "They're BITING! — We've still got a chance for some pictures if we get one in the next ten minutes."

I rowed, and kept time to the oars muttering, biting - not biting - biting - NOT biting. In a few minutes we were opposite the other boat. It was Charlie Docherty, big genial Charlie, all 240 pounds of him, president of the Rod and Gun Club and an expert fisherman if there ever was one.

"How're you doing boys?" he called out, cheerfully.

"Oh, just so-so," called back Vern.

"We're not really trying — just out for a breath of air. Printing is such a sedentary occupation. How're you doing?"

Docherty held up the one we had watched him catch, which I judged would go around five pounds. "That's the third," he said, "and I've only been out half an hour. How many you fellows caught?"

"Well. . . . none, yet, but we. . . ."

Docherty cut Vern short. "Wat's the matter with you fellows? Don't you know how to fish?"

"Know how to fish?" said Vern indignantly. "Why of course we know how to fish! — But as I said we're not really trying, much — Just out for the exercise, and to get a line on things for the next issue you know."

I looked at my blistered hands. — "Not really trying! . . Just out for a

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The Editors Go Fishing

breath of air, and some exercise! . . . Hmmpmph!" I thought. "Go on," I said aloud, "why don't you tell him the truth? Maybe he'll give you a fish then. Why don't you tell him about the ACTION shots. . . . about the singing reel, the rod bent double, the silvery gleaming fifteen pound rainbow that YOU victoriously caught on a half-ounce fly-rod using a no-see-um for bait. . . . Go on — tell him. Tell him about the swell pictures I took too. . ."

Vern gave me a dirty look.

"What's that about fifteen pounds?" called out Docherty, who was a bit hard of hearing. "Let's have a look at it. Hold it up. Why I've been fishing here for fifteen years and never caught one over nine pounds."

"There isn't any," called back Vern. "Al here was just saying he thought that last one you caught must be a fifteen pounder." He sat down and looked at me, glaring. "Maybe that'll

teach you not to speak out of turn. It's a good thing he didn't hear you or we'd be the laughing stock of the town. Just think of it! The editors of a Cariboo magazine go fishing and don't catch a blamed thing, and spend the rest of the year telling everyone else exactly where and how to go about catching their limit in six easy lessons. . . . Can't you just SEE it! Why, we'd never live it down."

"Sure — sure, I can SEE it alright — but somehow it sounded different when you told it back at the office."

He didn't say anything (Better men than Vern would have been stumped on that one) He was busy reeling in his line, but I could see from the bulge of his jaw muscles that his memory hadn't deserted him, even though I suspected that his brains might have. Docherty had gone on up the lake and was casting again. The light was fading rapidly, but the fish didn't know it was time for them to go to bed, and somehow that great surge of confidence

and power of which I spoke earlier — was gone — it had leaked away, along with several quarts of good red blood, through the gaping wounds in my thumbs no doubt. . . I watched Docherty hook another rainbow — I'm sure it was a rainbow (no editor of a Cariboo publication will admit that there is any other kind of fish north of -58) but the sight left me cold.

But not so Vern. His patience and determination is the kind of which heroes are made; the same kind that conquers nations, makes presidents and pin-ball champions — providing there is someone around who can be bullied into doing the dirty work.

He had just reeled in his line when Docherty hooked the fish. He took one look, laid down his rod, and started digging fiercely into his tackle box and brought forth a bundle wrapped in dark cloth. Waving it under my nose he said with determination, "We came out here to catch fish, and by gum we're going to! — with this! I should

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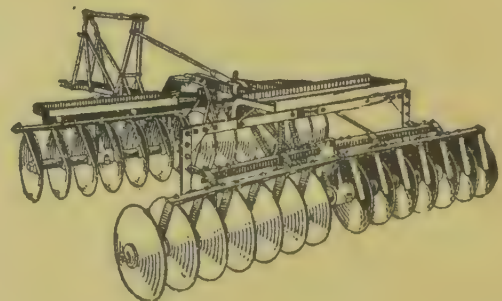
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have chucked all that new-fangled balderdash right after we started, as soon as we didn't catch anything."

"What if we *do* catch a fish now," I pointed out. "We can't get a picture now. It's too late."

"Never mind!" he practically hissed at me. "We can always photograph it tomorrow in daylight. Start rowing!"

"Dead," I asked in awe.

"YES, DEAD," he hissed defiantly, as he proceeded to unwrap the bundle.

I gasped. "No — no — Not THAT!" I entreated, as I caught sight of what had been wrapped in the cloth. "You CAN'T!"

He looked at me quickly. "We not only CAN — but we ARE!" he said flatly. "And besides, WHY can't I?"

"Because you simply can't — that's why," I was really shocked. There were no lengths the man wouldn't go to. "A tenderfoot grocery clerk maybe — or a — a woman — or a kid who doesn't know any better maybe, but not YOU — the Sporting Editor. And besides, if Docherty catches you using that thing, he'll banish you out of the Cariboo. You won't dare show your head back in this country. You'll have to go back to Africa and live with the natives, or wherever it is you came from. — Don't you know ANYTHING about the Sportsmen's code of ethics?"

He laughed, and held it up in his two hands for me to inspect — a 'gang troll' — the most viciously effective weapon ever devised against trout — as far ahead of any ordinary lure as the atomic bomb is ahead of the ancient cross bow.

He dangled it so that the 23 (I think that was the number) pieces of glittering brass and silver, and the red beads glittered in the soft light. "Hah, boy, now you just watch me!" he exclaimed gleefully. "Why, this thing has caught hundreds!"

He pulled a tin of worms out from the folds of cloth and put about three of them on the hook, which resembled nothing so much as a meat hook, and tossing the glittering array overboard started paying out line — said line being about thick enough to hang a

man with.

"Ethics!" he snorted. "The trouble with you fellows is that you're so full of ethics you don't *live*! You spend a hundred dollars on a twelve-gauge and a case of shells and stuff, plan for weeks on a shooting trip, take a week off thereby losing a week's salary, and then tramp for days through the open fields and through muskeg country to find some poor unsuspecting goose or duck, and when you finally catch up with one squatted at the edge of a pond after dragging yourself a hundred yards through the mud on your belly, do you shoot it? . . . No! You do not! — Instead of shooting the bird, you have to stand up and flap your arms around like a Dutch windmill, and make the bird 'take wing' because why — because it's UNETHICAL to shoot at a sitting bird, *that's* why. — And by the time you get the mud out of the barrel, the bird is over in the next province. *That's* ethics."

"We were talking about fishing," I said, glancing around to see how far we were from the bay where, despite Vern, our trip was going to end as soon as I could get the boat there.

"It's the same thing," he said. "As soon as someone invents something

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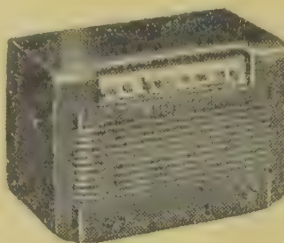
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that really catches fish, someone else sticks their nose in and says its unethical to use it. It doesn't matter about the fish. Oh, no! The fish can take your line and wrap it around a snag, shake himself free, and that's perfectly alright. . . . That's not unethical. . . It's alright to gyp the poor fish by offering it an imitation fly without any food value, or a fancy little spoon or spinner without any food attached, but be honest with the fish just once - offer it good juicy, nourishing angle-worms on an honest hook - with a little glitter to attract it - and what happens? Somebody shouts at the top of his lungs - 'unethical!' You can be 'ethical', but you're not supposed to be 'honest'. You. . . ."

He was going in fine style, but I didn't hear the end because he stopped in mid air (as you see, he *was* kind of up in the air) and gave a sudden yank on the line, and shouted, "I've got him! — I've GOT him! — Quit that rowing, will you," he snapped back at me. "You want me to lose him?"

He was standing with one foot on the back seat, heaving on the line, and the line was really tight.

"It's a whopper!" he exclaimed. "Boy can he *pull*! . . . I'd better ease up a bit. No use taking any chances."

He held on tight, but gradually let it have foot or two when suddenly the line sizzled through his hands, and seventy-five yards out from the boat a huge fish broke water — shaking mightily to rid itself of the yard long array of glittering lures.

"Boy, *look* at it!" shouted Vern gleefully. "What did I tell you — The grand-daddy of them all, that's what it is. Boy - are *we* ever going to have a picture!" He started heaving in the line and turned slightly to face me. "What do you think of *ETHICS* now you old cynic? — Or should I let him go?" — He laughed, reached for his hunting knife, and made a pass as though to cut the line.

"You idiot!" I bellowed, jumping up. "Don't you *dare*! Ethics or no ethics - *we* want that fish! - and a picture of it, dead or alive." I grabbed

the dip net, and headed towards the stern of the boat. Just then the trout broke water again, much closer this time, and boy was it a beauty - just like the one which had jumped just before we had gotten into the boat after taking the tumble - I'll even swear it was the same one (fishermen swear to these things quite readily) - It was about a yard long and easily a foot deep. He cleared the water by all of two feet and landed with a thud that Docherty must have heard at the far end of the lake.

"Don't let him get away!" I shouted. "For Pete's sake, *don't* do that! Don't give him so much line, he'll snag you up sure as heck - remember, they've got no ethics."

"But I've *got* to give him line," Vern snapped back at me, "or he'll break it. Get back up front or you'll have us swamped." The fish was flailing the water mightily about 50 feet from the boat, and I could see the line cutting into Vern's hand.

"Give him line!" I bellowed. "For Pete's sake give him line!"

All at once the line started through his hands. "I don't have to - he's taking it," Vern shouted back. It was heavy cuttyhunk and I could hear it sizzle through his palm. He dropped it with a howl, cursing the burn, and reached for it with the other hand, but I beat him to it. I took hold with both hands and heaved as though I were stopping a team of horses - and the line went limp. . . .

I landed back in the bow of the boat with the corner of my tackle-box pinning down my left ear. Slightly dazed, I was vaguely conscious that my chest was covered with an array of leaders, flies, spinners and what-not; that something warm was trickling from my ear down my neck; that my back felt very damp down there on the bottom of the boat (it leaked - the boat - not my back), and that someone was shouting somewhere - something stupid about 'helping him in' - I just lay there for a time, trying to gather my wits together (a hopeless task of course, some would say - but anyhow I tried) In my dazed and

stupified state, it wasn't too unpleasant lying there, but the shouting disturbed me, so I heaved myself up.

There was a wild threshing turmoil in the water off the stern of the boat. It was Vern, and he appeared to be all wet - and out of breath. Between gasps he was bellowing - and *how* he was bellowing. I've heard enraged bulls use the same tone, but their vocabulary was more limited.

"You blithering idiot! *****! YOU - YOU imbecile! Give me a hand - help me up! ***** If I ever get my hands on you. . . I'll - I'll, use you for bait! - I'll. . ."

"Hold it," I yelled, "I'll get the camera. We've just *got* to get a picture of the kind of things we drag into the boat when *we* go fishing." I made as if to get the camera.

Have you ever *heard* anyone speechless with rage? It sounds impossible, but take my word for it, it can be done. I've heard Vern that way, and his version sounded like a hissing, sputtering steam boiler just two seconds before blowing up. When he finally lost pressure, he sputtered, "YOU - YOU - YOU. . ."

Just then a cheerful, chuckling voice broke in, "Hi, boys - having a little trouble?"

It was Charlie Docherty. He had rowed up unobserved. Vern's sputterings subsided to the zero level. "Oh, no trouble," I called out. "No trouble at all - Vern always does this when he goes fishing. He loves to wind up the day just right - and besides it saves him the trouble of taking a bath on Saturday night." I looked at Vern, who was looking a little green around where his gills would have been if he had been a fish. "Doesn't it Verny old boy," I said, reaching down and patting him on the head. "Tops the day off just right, doesn't it?" - I reached down and helped him clamber into the boat, which he managed to do with an exceedingly small amount of grace, but then that is hardly a discredit to him for few men manage to look graceful at such a time.

I looked at Vern crouched on the back seat, shuddered at my folly, and

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The Editors Go Fishing

called out to Docherty as I started rowing, "Going our way," I enquired hopefully.

"No," he said. "I came in by the other road." He started off, waved a cheery hand. "Have a good time boys," he said. My eyes followed him longingly, with the same look that teen age girls use when looking at pictures of the immortal Sinatra.

"Wonderful chap," I said, looking at the water; at the trees; at the sky — at anything but the person in the back of the boat. "Nice cheerful disposition — Never gets flustered — or angry. . . ."

Silence was my reward — silence, of the heavy, black, brooding variety. I rowed right on through it — Except for a faint reflection of light to the west and a pale blue sheen on the water, it was dark.

"Not that I'm trying to change the subject Vern," I said, "but do you know, philosophy is a wonderful thing. Now take Plato, or Socrates, or — or Docherty for instance. They're all philosophers — yes, all philosophers. And look at them — It's wonderful, that's what it is. — They've got philosophy, and that's why they're like that — It's what makes the well rounded out man.

Vern snorted. "You mean that Socrates and Plato were fat like Docherty

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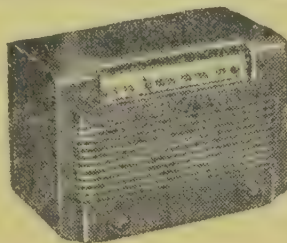
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— because if that's what it does, I don't want any part of it. And besides it sounds catching — and my kids pick up enough. . . ."

"No, no-o-o. You don't catch it," I interrupted. "What I mean is that philosophy is something you carry with you wherever you go, through thick and thin. It's something no one can take away from you, and it's a good thing to have around because it makes you cheerful all the time, and nothing can ever get you down."

"How much a quart is it?" asked Vern, interested despite himself. "And where do you get the stuff — they must have a devil of a job smuggling the stuff past Mr. Kennedy's watchdogs."

"It doesn't come in quarts," I said. "It comes in books. And you can get as much as you want — and there's no duty either. All you do is put your money on the counter, and they hand it over, just like a pound of tea, all open and aboveboard. The more you want to spend, the more you get. It's the same as buying anything else."

"Did you ever buy any of it?" he growled at me. "This philosophy stuff, I mean."

"Oh, sure," I replied carelessly, "about four-bits worth. But you don't have to go in so deep at the start if you don't want to. There are cheaper ones, and. . . ."

Just then the boat bumped into some thing. It was the others, moored to the tree. It had worked fine — the money I had spent on the little book had sure

saved my skin. Vern seemed to have forgotten all about his bath. In five minutes we had all our stuff stowed in the car and were all set to go.

"About this philosophy stuff, now," said Vern. "Let's see some of it, or don't you pack yours with you?"

"Oh, I've got it alright," I assured him, "right here in my pocket." I fumbled around for the little quarter inch thick vest-pocket booklet in which I had invested 50 cents the previous week, and showed it to him under the headlights of the car.

"See what it says here." I indicated the gilt lettering of the cover which read, 'Quotations From The Philosophers' and below this in smaller lettering, 'The Key to Tranquillity'.

"Now see here," I opened the book at random, "look what it says," I said eagerly, and read out, "The most dangerous enemy to truth and freedom amongst us is the compact majority." I beamed up at him under the headlights, but he only grunted, "Hummph, who said that Socrates - or Docherty?"

I looked at the booklet. "Neither," I replied. "It was a fellow by the name of Henrik Ibsen."

Never heard of him, where does *he* live? — Never mind, I don't care *who* said it - it doesn't make me feel the least bit cheerful." He turned with a snort to go.

"Wait a minute, wait a minute — Here's one that's better suited to the situation, listen. . . "You should never wear your best trousers when you go out to fight for truth and freedom".

He looked at me, and then at his pants, and I felt that I shouldn't have read out that one. "Who said that?" he asked.

"The same fellow," I replied.

"And what makes you think that I should be cheerful after hearing *that*?"

"Why, because you have been out searching for the truth about Nine Mile Lake, and I happen to know that those are *not* your best pants, and so - you've got a lot to be thankful for." I smiled at him. "You see now, how a little philosophy makes you look on the brighter side of things?"

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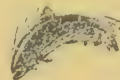
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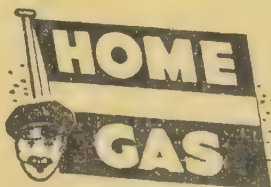
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He gave me a cold straight look, and said in a quiet voice that I knew meant business, "I'm wet, and I'm beginning to feel cold - and if you don't get in the car and start moving in about three seconds I won't be responsible for what happens.

I had been glancing through my little book. "Hold on a sec' - here's something that covers your case just right," I said. "It says here — a guy by the name of Fyedor Dostoyevsky said it that 'Man is a pliable animal, a being who gets accustomed to everything' — so you see, you won't mind being all wet after awhile."

I saw the kick coming and dodged around the car. Vern climbed in behind the wheel, slammed the door and took off with a clash of gears - but not before I managed to squeeze in on the other side.

"Easy does it boy," I said. "Gears don't grow on trees - not in the Cariboo. You know what? My mammy always told me to go easy on pants and stockings and such - but that it didn't matter about barking our shins — Barked shins would heal up by themselves, she always said, but torn pants cost money and wouldn't mend themselves. Say, that's philosophy too — kind of. . . ."

Vern, however, wasn't listening. He was concentrating on the road, what there was of it. I think I mentioned that it kind of got lost before it got to the lake. For twenty minutes we dodged in and out and around the jackpines. No matter which way we

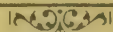
turned there were always 642 pine trees in front of us (I didn't count them - but I'm a good estimator) But I'll say this for Vern - He has patience. He kept running up to first one opening then another, like a hound dog sniffing out its master in a crowd, and eventually the headlights shone on the main Nazko road, which seemed as wide as a four-lane U.S. Speedway after the maze we had just left.

I glanced at my watch, which despite the evening's fun hadn't got broken. It was ten-thirty. We rounded a bend, and there, square in the middle of the road, stood a young bull moose. As soon as he spotted us he took off down the road going about fifteen miles an hour with that awkward gait which they have, and we followed about a hundred and fifty feet behind.

A quarter of a mile — a half mile — and the moose made no attempt to get off the road. I reached over and let out a blast from the horn, and the moose quickened its pace. I let out another blast. For another half mile we proceeded at about 20 miles per hour, with yours truly muttering half to himself, "Go on, you ungainly brute - you hillbilly - get off the road, we're in a hurry." I was suddenly feeling very tired, and was remembering the ham-mock that I had intended dozing off in that evening.

I held my hand on the horn a full half minute. Vern said, "Cut it out - you might make him mad, and I've had enough for one night."

"What're you afraid of?" I asked. "A lousy moose? — Run him down!"

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... but just then Vern hit the brake.

"Now you have done it!" he said.

The moose had stopped and turned, and with his head lowered, was beginning to make slowly for the car - not fast, but there was no mistaking it, he was plenty peeved. It's funny, you know, but I never really noticed till then how big a moose actually is. This one stood about seven feet to the top of his back, and his head was a good foot and a half higher than that.

"Back, back up," I shouted. "The son-of-a-gun is coming for us!"

"Can't," said Vern. "We just came around some bad curves and there's no lights behind."

The moose kept advancing until he was only about twenty feet from the car, and then stopped, an ugly gleam in his eye and his head weaving from side to side. . . . It looked bad. I tried the horn again, just a little peep - It was the wrong thing. The moose tossed his head with a snort and came a step closer - we could now see the whites of his eyes - and to me they looked blood-shot.

"Vern said suddenly, with a sneer, "Cheer up. - How about that philosophy book? - Just read a page or two, and you'll feel a lot better." The moose advanced another step, and I remembered all the stories I had heard of moose attacking people in cars and was picking my spot to duck into if and when the moose should decide to put his foot through the windshield.

"Go on, READ IT," urged Vern, "it might be your last chance, and you want to die happy don't you?"

I opened it and read the first thing my eyes focussed on: "Patience is the best remedy for every trouble." —Plautus - Rudens, Act II, Scene 5, Line 71.

"Patience - be darned!" I bellowed. The window on my side was open. I reached out and threw the booklet. It hit the moose smack on the nose - It reared up, swung around, and with two jumps was off the road and crashing away through the brush. . .

Off we went. I looked at Vern. "Now don't ever tell me that a little philosophy isn't a good thing, especially if

it's the kind you can carry around and throw at people and things, if the occasion arises."

(Special Note: Anyone who doesn't believe that the moose *did* run is at liberty to try this stunt for themselves; they have my permission and my best wishes - I'll even lend them a book if they'll let me watch them do it)

Twenty minutes later we parted and made our ways to our respective domiciles with whatever courage we could muster. As to Vern's reception, I can't say much, not having been present at his arrival home, suffice to say that for a whole week after our trip, he went around with a strangely hounded and hurt look in his eyes, and I noticed that he was unusually prompt about getting home precisely 'on-the-dot' for meals and other social engagements. Also I noted that every time the word 'fish' was mentioned in his presence he shied like a young colt.

And there you have it - the results of our trip, I mean - the one we took so that we could tell you folks exactly where to go, how to get there,

precisely what you will find when you do get there, and exactly what kind of fly or tackle to use to catch just the fish you want. . . . I have set forth the details accurately - but make *no* recommendations, because even if I did, I suspect that you wouldn't listen to them, and that you would go where you darned well wanted to go, anyway.

"Evading something," did you say? - You mean you want to know what happened when I got home? But that's strictly a *private* matter - It has nothing to do with fishing - or, almost nothing, anyway. - Oh, alright, if you insist.

Well, frankly folks, I hadn't thought much about that angle until I was in sight of the house, what with all the fun we'd been having, and then it struck me hard. I vaguely recalled having promised earlier in the week that we would take in the show that evening, the two of us, there having been something on which she especially wanted to see - something about true love and that kind of stuff - you know how wo-

continued on page 98



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When Steel Came to Prince George

Continued from page 25

be retained. But in spite of protests the new town became Prince George.

It was not until the end of January, 1914, that the steel actually reached Prince George. For a time it was doubtful just where the golden spike that marked the completion of the road would be driven, as the laying of the steel was proceeding from both ends of construction. Each day saw the gap between the ends of the steel lessen as the crews from the east and the west worked feverishly. Soon it became known that the track gangs were going to leave a trial mile in the center of the gap and then race for it. The golden spike was driven

about a quarter of a mile from Fort Fraser on the banks of the Nechako, the western crew winning by just a few lengths of steel.

Extract from the Fort George Weekly Tribune, Saturday, January 31, 1914: "January 27 is a date that should in later years be marked in red on the calendar of Fort George. On that date in the year 1914 the railroad arrived.

For some days the tracklayer had been at work on a temporary bridge across the Fraser River, and the date of its arrival on the west bank of the river was difficult to foretell. Monday evening, however, the Pioneer reached terra firma on this side and word went out that next day the arrival of the steel was to be celebrated by the people of the district.

Tuesday morning dodgers were hastily struck off in the printing office and over every telephone the news was flashed that at two o'clock that afternoon the public would attend to see the Pioneer lay the rails of the Grand Trunk Pacific into the terminal.

Short notice was enough. By two o'clock every road and trail leading to the railway tracks was thronged and at the hour set for the celebration there must have been between fifteen hundred and two thousand people assembled on the

grade from George Street east toward the Fraser.

The Pioneer had crossed the river the previous evening and laid steel to a point half way between the end of the bridge and George Street. It was now waiting for the necessary material for further advance.

It was one of the coldest days of the season. The temperature, hovering about eight below zero at two, gradually sank lower until by early evening the thermometer registered seventeen degrees below. However, the chill did not keep people from assembling and waiting for hours to see the tracklayer work.

There were Indians there, gazing curiously at the big, black machine that had brought the railroad to their one-time primitive haunts. Surveyors, in the garb of the trail, were there with their implements, and even a dog team. Hudson's Bay trappers, with toques and sash, mingled with the crowd. In sharp contrast to these pioneers were the men of the modern era, garbed as civilization expects.

It had been arranged that there should be a parade illustrating the various stages of development in the district. Owing, however, to

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The engine used in construction work now on display at Prince George Station

the very cold weather and the unexpected wait for the steel train, it was impossible to carry the program out to the letter. The various elements of the parade were there, mingling with the crowd of spectators, and the general effect was almost as picturesque as the parade would have been.

A brass band of ten pieces from Fort George was on hand and braved the icy air to play a series of tunes, standing about a fire of sticks the while to keep from freezing their whistles.

After a long and weary wait in the cold, a whistle from the bridge announced that the steel train was on its way. All was expectancy, but hope was deferred when it was announced that the tie conveyors on the side had been damaged by striking a pile of lumber at the end of the bridge. While this damage was being repaired there was another wait.

At last the train moved up behind the Pioneer, the couplings were made, and while the crowd in front of the big machine crowded in curiously the ties began to pass forward along the rollers of the conveyors; the tie buckers sprang to their places, and the railroad began to add to its mileage.

The Pioneer began to move at a brisk pace. An endless stream of ties began to pass forward, each

tie as it reached the end of the conveyors was seized by a tie buckler and carried forward to be flung hastily in place along the grade. There was a steady stream of these workers laboring like huge ants in the procession. Along the conveyors on the other side of the Pioneer came the steel rails. As each rail came to the end of the rollers, it was seized and swung out by means of a derrick until waiting hands could guide it to its place on the fish-plates. Two bolts were then hurriedly screwed into place and over its own steel the Pioneer moved forward to lay another

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length of steel. The spiking was left to be done at leisure. So rapidly did the Pioneer work that the crowd in front was kept on the constant move to keep out of the way of the buckers."

Thus was the coming of the railroad to Prince George. The men of that day marked the coming of the railroad as the end of pioneer days. They envisioned the wooded country for miles around laid out in productive farms. They saw in their mind's eye the rapid development of the country's vast resources. They pictured Prince George as the leading metropolis of the Northwest.

If January, 1914, brought the railroad to Prince George, August of that same year ushered in the First World War. Building operations ceased. Vast sums of money had

already been spent on the railroad from the south to connect with the Grand Trunk Pacific at Prince George. The road was never finished. Plans for the building of the B.C. and Alaskan Railway were forgotten in those days of strife. Prince George, that had started out to become one of the principal cities of the West, was at a complete standstill.

When we came to British Columbia at the very beginning of the great depression that followed the financial crash of 1929, Prince George was still a small town situated at the junction of the Fraser and Nechako Rivers. Only a little-used grass trail led north through the country that had once been surveyed in town lots. Moose, bear and deer roamed through the forests

that were to have been the thriving city of the Northwest. One might occasionally pass a deserted cabin, but settlers were few and the thick branches of spruce and fir formed an arch over the narrow trail.

The dream that some day Prince George would be the principle city of this great Northwest seemed to have ended, and yet with the outbreak of World War Two new industries sprang up and vast building projects were undertaken. Its location makes it not only an important link with Alaska but a centre toward which all lines of travel converge. With 250,000 acres (by government survey) of good farm land available to the new settler, forest resources estimated at 32 billion board feet, with last year's cut of 129 million feet valued at more than \$6,000,000, and the fur taken from the traplines scattered over the portion of British Columbia that lies north of the city amounting to \$1,000,000 in a single year, there is little doubt that the dream of those early pioneers is rapidly coming true and that Prince George will some day become a great commercial centre.

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standingly. The beaver's tail is flat and is one of his most useful possessions. His hind feet are webbed, which gives him power in motion while swimming. His front legs are shorter and his hind legs are longer than is commonly supposed. The head of the beaver and muskrat are much alike, also the feet and form. And much of the beaver's ingenuity lies in his tail! The beaver uses his tail as a rudder, sits on it at times, uses it as a trowel, and makes good use of it as a danger signal. A sharp, resounding slap on the water's surface and the beaver has gone, warning all beaver in the area that danger is near.

Beaver houses are built of sticks, stones and mud and are similar in shape to the houses of the muskrat. Their dams are built of the same material as their houses and are very strong, lasting for many years. The walls are thick, and there are usually two entrances to the beaver home, both under water. The size and shape of the beaver house differs, of course, according to the number of occupants. The home of a full family of beavers, which may consist of six to eight beavers, approximately, is about twelve feet in diameter at the water line. The height is about six or seven feet. Of course, as we have already mentioned, these dimensions vary according to circumstances. Where there are but two or three beaver living, the house is made much smaller and more pointed on top.

Usually there are three sizes in each family. There are two old beavers, two or three two-year-olds, and two or three young. As the young beaver remain two years with the parents, this accounts for the three generations. After two years they set up housekeeping themselves, leaving the old home to establish one of their own. Thus the trapper who knows his beaver is able to make a fair estimate of the number of beavers which occupy a beaver house.

Beaver, it is true, are not out-

standing tree cutters; they do not make good woodsmen. To fell a tree the beaver usually gnaws all around it until it falls. The beaver is not able to fell his trees, placing the trees where he wishes to do so like the woodsman. If the tree is leaning over in a certain direction it will, of course, fall in that direction. A tree that is pointing straight up will fall in any direction when cut by beaver, as the beaver has absolutely no control over straight timbers. In this respect the beaver is not an orthodox woodsman, but it makes very little difference where his trees fall. "Anywhere near his pond" is all right where the beaver is concerned. Thus, in his own way, he is a perfect woodsman.

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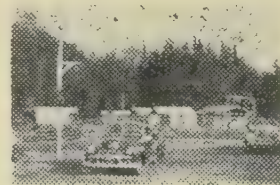
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Beaver castors have market value and should be dried slowly in a shady place. But the majority of trappers wish to keep the castors for scent, as beaver musk is very attractive to other animals. Predatory land animals which prey upon the beaver are attracted, along with other animals, to beaver scent.

Beaver meat, by the way, is considered good to eat, and some say that it is the best meat that one can eat when cooked properly. The beaver's tail, believe it or not, is considered a delicacy fit for a king. In my way of thinking, the beaver has a replica on land—the porcupine or quill-pig. The porcupine is somewhat similar in appearance to the beaver. The meat, like that of the beaver, is considered good to eat. Both animals are eaters of vegetation.

Should the time ever come, however, when *Castor Canadensis* becomes extinct in our fair America, that day will be a woeful day indeed. Conservationists are determined that the beaver will never go the way of the passenger pigeon, for his ingenuity and cunning would be a great loss to the streams and forests of our land.



EDITOR'S NOTE : In Cariboo King's (Rev. A.H. Townsend's) article entitled "The Unnamed Lake" which appeared in our Spring issue, we feel that it is only fair to let it be known, in view of certain criticism of the Reverend's phraseology, that the copy was 'coloured' slightly by the editors to conform more with what the editors think are the expressions used by fishermen who are bedeviled by leaky boats. — Therefore, it is our request that critics kindly make their complaints direct to us, and leave our writers free to exercise their genius and court the muses so that future issues will be packed with more and better yarns for the critics to froth about.

Trappers Association

continued from page 19

ery industry within the Province inasmuch as the tourist business channelled dollars and cents into hotels, restaurants and a dozen other different businesses; that it was B.C.'s wild life that was the major magnet by which tourist trade was attracted here in the first place. And he considered that it was up to the Legislature to devise ways and means of providing necessary funds in order that increased bounty might be paid on wolves and coyotes in particular.

Concerning the much discussed subject of prohibiting the shooting of Squirrel, Beaver and Muskrat, Mr. Collier said he had discussed this subject at great length with authorities in Vancouver and while the B.C. Game Commission did not altogether approve of prohibiting the shooting of Red Squirrel, both Commissioners Cunningham and Butler felt that, in view of so much indiscriminate shooting by Indians and others, and the wastage of fur which resulted therefrom, the shooting of Beaver and Rats should be stopped. Commissioner Butler had already informed Mr. Collier that such regulations might be introduced this year.

Mr. Collier then asked the Convention for their opinions, and it was agreed, after some lengthy discussion, to drop the Red Squirrel from the resolution and apply it only to Beaver and Muskrat. The resolution was then voted on (Prohibiting the shooting of Rat and Beaver) and passed unanimously. All trappers present seemed to agree that whereas such measures might inconvenience them a trifle, the entire trapping industry would be better off if the shooting of Beaver and Rat were not allowed.

Mr. McKee, of the B.C. Forestry Dept., representing the Hon. Minister of Lands and Forests, read a lengthy paper concerning the destruction of the forests by indiscriminate burning. He stated that the entire Forestry Department viewed the activities of the Registered Trappers Association

with acute interest inasmuch as the trappers realized the full value of what green, living forests meant to the wild life and the watersheds of the province. Mr. Collier had stated that many of these fires were started in some districts either by Indians poaching beaver and rats, or by farmers burning off hay meadows. McKee said that several Registered Trappers had been enrolled honorary Fire Wardens and that as such they had the full power to call upon anyone to get out and help bring fires in their district under control. He further stated that the Forestry Department would certainly prosecute any person or persons responsible for starting fires if necessary evidence were available for such prosecution. The entire Convention gave Mr. McKee a vigorous and warm welcome when he took the floor, as this gentleman had travelled by plane through from Vancouver that same morning solely for the purpose

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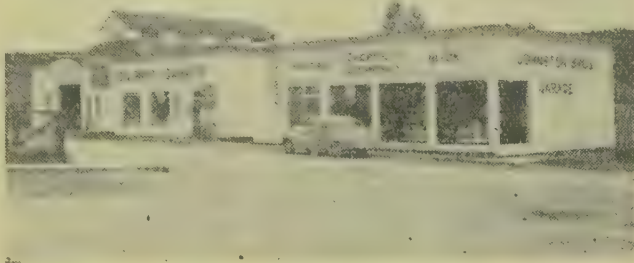
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of attending the proceedings.

Speaking only as an individual, Mr. McKee frankly told the trappers that he would like to see their organization attain full strength, but that if they expected to get anywhere with their problems they should certainly pay greater dues than one dollar per year also, that as an Association they would have to register as such under the Societies Act (Mr. Collier had already informed the Convention that this was being attended to) and that the time might come when the Association would need competent legal advice on the exact legal status of the Registered Trapline. Said McKee, "You cannot expect to build up this Association on membership fees of one dollar per year. - As a civil servant, I myself pay five dollars per year dues to my own organization."

E.R. Bobb, vice president of the association had already suggested to the delegates that the yearly dues be increased in order that the treasury might have greater reserve of funds, but Mr. Collier suggested that for the time being anyway, he would ask that the yearly membership fee be left at one dollar.

Mr. Collier took up with Commissioner Cunningham the subject of opening the otter season all over the Province on November 1st. This change was requested because the trappers in the Hope and other southern areas were still unable to trap otter on the opening of the season. The Commissioner raised objections to this but asked that Mr. Collier write the Commission more fully on the subject.

Among other resolutions discussed and passed were: That all protection be taken off wolverine. - That a thirty dollar bounty be paid the year round on wolves, and a five dollar bounty on coyotes. - That the theft of fur bearing animals or pelts thereof from a Registered Trapline be indictable under the Criminal Code of Canada. - That in the event of any person or persons applying for purchase or lease of Crown Lands situate on a registered trapline and which embraces water where the raising of beaver and muskrat by a registered trapper is in pro-

gress, such trapper should have first and preferred rights of purchasing such land himself.

The president, in his opening address laid particular emphasis on the need of local trappers organizations. He went so far as to state that unless individual districts did form their own locals of the parent organization, the B.C. Registered Trappers, as an Association, might go back "into the dim obscurity from whence it originally sprang." The trappers of the Peace, Prince George, Dome Creek and other areas did not hesitate to prove that they had no intentions of allowing this to happen. On the forenoon of June 14 they met to form the Prince George division of the Registered Trappers Association, electing C.D. Olds of Prince George as President, Red Winsor of Isle of Pierre, Vice President,

Eric Collier informed the Convention that he believed one member of the be included on an advisory Council Registered Trappers Association would shortly to be appointed to the B.C. Game Commission and Commissioner Cunningham further stated that the Registered Trappers certainly would have a member on the council.

All delegates were unanimous in asking that the President, Mr. Collier assume this responsibility.

Upon calling for the re-election of officers, Mr. Collier was again chosen as President. The President was also given authority to appoint his own Secretary Treasurer.

The Convention was brought to a successful conclusion by a Trappers Ball held in the C.C.F. Hall at which the trappers proved that they could consume considerable quantities of liquor and still remain gentlemen.

REGISTERED TRAPPERS of B.C. IN NUMBERS lies STRENGTH: — Support the Trappers Association. If you have not already paid your dues for this year, send same to the Secretary, B.C.R.T. Ass'n., Horsefly, B.C.

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This is Not SOLITUDE

Continued from page 11

which are absent in the case of the Hemlocks. Similarly, the depth of bark and layers of cork on the Douglas Fir are absent in the Hemlock, the bark of which has a high tannin content, and in consequence a very astringent taste.

There are two species of Hemlock in B.C. The illustration Figure 11, shows the butt portion of a Western Hemlock, (*Tsuga heterophylla*). This is considered to be a larger tree than its generic brother of the west, the 'Mountain' or 'Black' Hemlock, (*Tsuga mertensiana*). Yet, oddly enough, the cones of the larger Hemlock are smaller than those of the Mountain variety but the woods differ in reverse, that of the former being utilized about 75 percent for pulp and 25 percent for lumber while '*Tsuga mertensiana*' does not even merit mention in the list of economically important woods.

However, we are primarily concerned with recognition, and perhaps the best hallmark of the Hemlock is the fine, thin appearing foliage and its definitely drooping habit. The first characteristic renders the genus recognizable from a distance, and the second identifies it at close range.

The LODGEPOLE PINE

Pinus contorta

If the 'Lodgepole' Pine took any stock whatever in being called by its right name, it would be in a perpetual dither of rage. It is NOT a 'Jackpine'! Yet, all the time, the Lodgepole Pine is called the Jackpine, but the reverse does not seem to be the case. Actually, there are few differences between the two. Written authorities incline to the belief that Jackpine does not come west of Great Slave Lake, but it is nevertheless frequently reported in Northern B.C., as for example, along the Alaska Highway.

We have no need to be greatly discursive on the topic of the Lodgepole Pine. It is the only Pine in B.C. with needles in clusters of two. It grows



(7) A *DEODAR* Observe the habit of the limbs and compare with that of the Fir in Fig. 8. (*Cedrus deodar*)

nearly everywhere, and frequently comes in naturally after a fire thicker than hair on a dog's back. This is due to the interesting fact that the cones, which grow close to the branches and are quite prickly, do not open in any but the most excessive heat, and are consequently not destroyed by forest fires. In Manitoba, the allied Jackpine is even classed as a 'Fire Type' along with the Aspen which also springs up after a burning.

The illustration (Figure 3) shows young Lodgepole Pines and amply illustrates the rather fast growth, exemplified by the long leaders. Figures 24 and 25 are botanically interesting as they depict two entirely different forms of the same tree. The botanical name of the species, 'Contorta', meaning twisted or contorted, is self-explanatory. The specimen in Figure 25 is more representative of the Lodgepole Pine of the Interior. All this has occasioned some differences between dendrologists and botanists, some preferring to differentiate between the two forms, naming the short stunted type 'Shore Pine' (*Pinus contorta*), and the

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taller better formed variety 'Lodgepole Pine', (*Pinus contorta* var *latifolia*).

It is notable that this Pine becomes of commercial importance in the Interior while useless on the Coast. This is the direct opposite to the state of affairs with the Douglas Fir which deteriorates to a great extent as it progresses away from the moist climate along the Pacific Coast. There is a difference of some five pounds per cubic foot in the weights of inland and Coast Fir, and some botanists have made the Interior type a variety of the Coast type, naming it the 'Blue Douglas Fir', (*Pseudotsuga taxifolia* var *glauca*). This differentiation is not widely recognized.

However, we shall immediately recognize the Lodgepole Pine by its two-needle clusters which it alone of the B.C. Pines possesses.

The WESTERN RED CEDAR

Thuja plicata

The proper naming of 'Cedars' seems at first to be a very involved task. Here, in B.C., we have the following varied nomenclature of genera commonly called 'Cedar', but which are not the true Cedars. In Figure 1 is a clump of what are frequently called 'Rocky Mountain Red Cedar'; they belong to the Genus 'Juniperus', the Junipers. The 'Yellow Cedar' belongs to the Genus 'Chamaecyparis'. The 'Western Red Cedar' is a species of 'Thuja'. The true Cedars are of course of the Genus 'Cedrus', of which a species (*Deodara*, the 'Deodar') appears in Figure 7. None of the true Cedars, which include the well-known 'Cedar of Lebanon', is indigenous to B.C., though all are represented exotically.

The Red and Yellow Cedars are of great commercial importance as their woods are very resistant to dampness and decay. Red Cedar is the source of all our shingles.

Red Cedar is clearly recognizable from all the previously mentioned species by its different foliage which occurs in blunt leaf sprays growing close to the twig. The foliage of the Yellow Cedar is sharp and distinctly harsh to the touch. Our illustration,

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Figure 20, shows the leaves of the Red Cedar and how they differ from those of the Balsam, Douglas Fir, Sitka Spruce and Western Hemlock, but the particular difference in the Red and Yellow Cedars lies in their cones. Those of the Red Cedar are elongated while those of the Yellow Cedar are distinctly spherical. Furthermore, the odor which characterizes the 'Arbor-

vitaes' (Thujas), the so-called 'cedar odor' is not present in the Yellow Cedar, but is replaced by a strongly aromatic odour. Of course as their respective names suggest, the woods of the two trees differ in colour.

Another satisfactory method of identifying a Red Cedar is by its bark which is thin and stringy and peels off in vertical layers. As material for weaving it is prized by the Indians, and frequently we come across a 'cat-faced' Cedar which condition has been brought about by the stripping of the bark from the tree when it was younger.

The **BROAD-LEAVED MAPLE**
Acer macrophyllum

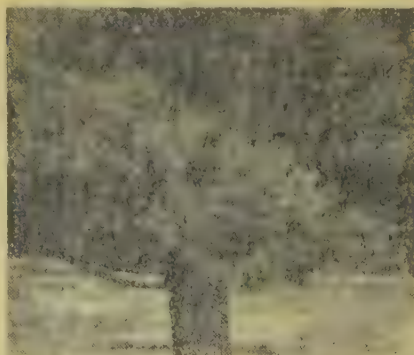
It is sometimes regarded as correct to divide trees into two classes of 'deciduous' and 'evergreen'. This is alright except that the conifers are generally regarded as the 'evergreens' and the 'deciduous' trees as the broadleaved genera. Were this so, our Christmas Holly would look decidedly poor because Holly is a broad-leaved evergreen. So, also, are the Madronas, or Arbutus (Figure 2), while on the other hand, the Larches, which are conifers, are also deciduous. This association of terms should, therefore, be cast out as misleading, and, indeed, erroneous.

It is, nevertheless, our deciduous trees which accord the glory to Spring and the colour to the Fall. The evergreens hold the fort, so to speak, during the bleak days of winter.

The 'Broad Leaved Maple' supplies the National Emblem of Canada, the 'Maple Leaf'. Leaves from this tree have been exhibited which measured nearly two feet in diameter.

The leaf is very distinctly lobed and the number and form of these lobes supply the means of identification in many cases. There are numerous species of Maple in Canada, including the 'Sugar Maple', the Manitoba Maple, the 'Rock Maple' and others. Of all these only three grow in British Columbia, i.e., the Broad-leaved Maple, the Vine Maple and the Dwarf Maple

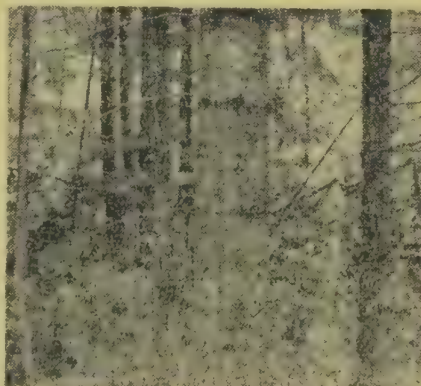
The Broad-leaved Maple is primarily recognizable by its large five-lobed



(4) **NEEDLES OF WHITE PINE**
(*Pinus monticola*).



(26) **WEeping WILLOW** (*Salix babylonica*)



(14) **AMABILIS FIR** (*Abies amabilis*)

leaves with deep notches.

Our pictures show (Figure 9) a Broad-leaved Maple just leafing out in the Spring and (Figure 12) the bole of a decidedly elderly specimen. Younger trees have trunks utterly different from that shown; they are dark grey with longitudinal shallow seams.

The **RED ALDER**
Alnus rubra

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The Red Alder is one of three species of Alder which grow in B.C. From its wood a great variety of novelties are manufactured. Like the Maple and the Willow, it is a deciduous tree. Alder leaves, however, unlike those of the Maples, do not change colour before falling.

The leaves are not lobed but are dentate or toothed all around. They are yellowish-green above and paler beneath. They could never be mistaken for Maple leaves and are not as pointed as those of the 'Black Cottonwood', (a species of Poplar).

The bark of the Alder is light grey and smooth, much lighter than that of the Maple and not furrowed, as in the case of the 'Black Cottonwood'.

WILLOWS

Salix spp

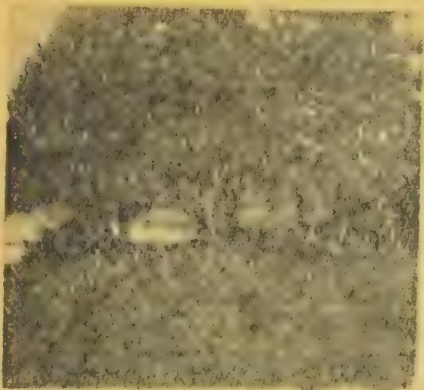
The Willows, like the Hawthornes, are not very particular as to their habitat. There are many and various species of Willow, some identifiable only by minute examination of the flowers and fruit. Most Willow leaves are linear - long and narrow. Few Willow trees attain any great size and they frequent damp locations. In the spring, the light green of the Willow shoots compares very distinctly with the brighter green of the Alders and Maples.

Our illustration (Figure 19) shows a very common form of Willow in which several main stems are growing together. Figure 26 shows a very popular exotic form known as the 'Weeping Willow', (*Salix babylonica*)

The Black Willow of the East and the U.S. is a recognized timber tree while the 'Western Black Willow' (*Salix lasiandra*) is, perhaps, the most imposing of the Pacific species indigenous to B.C. This willow may be recognized by its dark bark, long leaves, which are yellowish-green above and white below, and by its large rather fleshy twigs.

The GARRY OAK
Quercus garryana

The Oaks are interesting trees and have steeped in historical significance



(1) *ROCKY MOUNTAIN RED CEDAR* (*Juniperus Scopulorum*). Slow and sturdy.



(17) Compare this tree with No.6. This is a deliquescent tree. (American Basswood) - *Tilia Americana*.



(13) *RED ALDER* (*Alnus rubra*)

especially in England and the United States. As has been said, there are over two hundred species of Oak and one or two closely associated genera. The Oak supplied wood for the former navies of Britain, and an Oak of Southern Europe, (*Quercus suber*), is the source of cork. On the Oak grew the venerated mistletoe of bygone

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days.
British Columbia, however, can boast only one Oak, namely, the Garry Oak, and this flourishes only in the southwestern part of the province. The tree shown in Figure 22 is thought to be the second farthest north of the Oaks on the Vancouver Island Highway, being a few miles north of

Courtenay.

The Garry Oak has, nevertheless, one claim to distinction seeing that it is the second largest of all the Pacific Oaks, the largest being the Valley Oak which does not penetrate as far north.

Our Figure 23 shows a large Garry Oak on which the characteristic stout limbs and broad crown are easily discernible. The scaly bark shown in Figure 22 is also a characteristic feature among the broad-leaved trees of B.C. There should be no mistaking the Oak tree, its leaves being lobed entirely, and with deep notches of an entirely different shape to those of the Maple or Alder. Lastly, only the Oak has acorns.

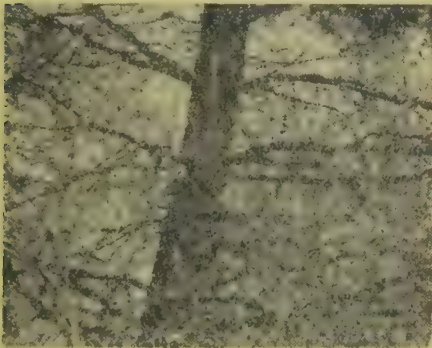
If what has gone before is of slight assistance to those who have not as yet become familiar with the B. C. trees described, it will have fulfilled its purpose. The best way to get to know trees is the same as the best way to get to know our neighbours - by closer personal acquaintance. In the cities of British Columbia, and indeed, the world over, the business of tree identification is plentifully befogged by the introduction of countless exotics. In the forest this is not the case, and recognition is consequently made easier by the lesser number of species to be recognized. In the cities and centres of human population it is pleasant indeed, to know a lot of people. Similarly, in the countryside, it is pleasant to know a lot of plants and thus to find that the meadows and the forests are not *solitude*, but indeed vastly interesting places where we may, with the poet, - "*hold converse with nature's charms and view her stores unrolled*".



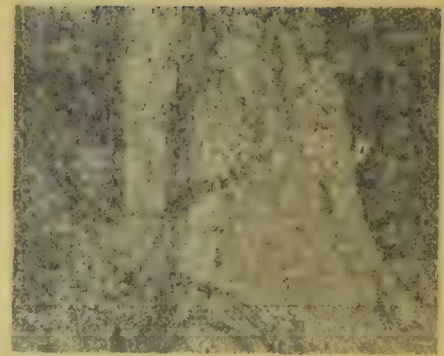
(8) *WHITE FIR* (*Abies concolor*). Compare the shape and upward trend of the limbs in this tree with that of the tree in Fig. 7.



(9) *BROAD-LEAVED MAPLE* — (*Acer macrophyllum*)



(25) *LODGEPOLE PINE* (*Pinus contorta* var. *latifolia*)



(10) *SITKA SPRUCE* (*Picea sitchensis*)



(12) *BROAD-LEAVED MAPLE* — (*Acer macrophyllum*)



(5) *TRUNK AND BARK OF WHITE PINE* (*Pinus monticola*). Note quantities of pitch on the trunk.

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Omineca Ski Club

continued from page 15

one of his visits a quorum of prominent chiefs of the Babine tribe constituted him a full chief of all the tribes of the Lakes Districts.

The ski season in the Lakes District may almost be said to be perpetual to the enthusiast, and even in the town the small boys may start in thus with their barrel staves in November and be demanding an improved pair of skis monthly till the end of March.

But in the Lakes Country to the south lies the true ski man's paradise, with great open slopes on the Cariboo ranges, clear to the glacial summits. Skis will undoubtedly form part of the impedimenta of the summer tourist, and the sport has taken a sure grip on the local inhabitants of Burns Lake, Babine, Cheslatta, Decker Francois, Ootsa, Tchesinute, and the hundred and one lakes that help to comprise the Lakes District, of which we are so justly proud. In the village of Burns Lake the toddling infants start in on crude skis, the girls are experts, the school ma'ams sacrifice some of their dignity by going to school on skis, and the octogenarian prospector who in his time has snowshoed from the Big Bend to the Cariboo, thence to the Cassiar, and finally back to the Omineca, now shuffles his daily way on skis to the beer emporium from his little log cabin in a straight line, as compared with the wavering uncertainty of his return tracks.

The latest convert to the ski is the Oriental laundryman, who makes his trips to and from the suburbs delivering "washee" on skis, balancing two huge bundles of clothes on a bamboo pole in the favorite Chinese manner. But he says: "Walkee allite, jumpee no good."

The holding of the British Columbia Championship Ski Tournament at Burns Lake was, of course, the main event of interest for the 1929-30 season of the Omineca Ski Club.

Skiers of international reputation competed keenly, and the Club Captain, Pete Sandnes, was for-

tunate in successfully defending his title and winning the Hanson Cup for the second time, thus becoming its owner.

The 50-Kilometer Cross-Country Race was over a fair course, starting from the Bostrom Ranch at Grassy Plains, crossing Francois Lake, and over the Bald Hill to the finish at Burns Lake. In this event nearly all the ski clubs of the West had entered their best.

Snow conditions were fair, with an occasional snow flurry, making the coffee stands—scattered at six-mile intervals along the course—doubly welcome.

Eric Sandstrom, of the Viking Club of Vancouver, won the race in 4 hours 35 minutes, with Paul Gotaas of Camrose second in 4 hours 44 minutes; Axel Sneis of

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Hollyburn, third, in 4 hours 49 minutes; Pete Sandnes, Omineca Club, fourth, in 4 hours 52 minutes; O. Fiskum, Omineca Ski Club, fifth, in 5 sours flat, with Ivor Knudsen of Princeton 50 seconds behind; Karl Lindaas, Omineca Ski Club, 5 hours 5 minutes; Halvor Petterson, Grouse Mountain, 5 hours 15 minutes, this being his first entry in adult company.

In the Class B race, over the same course, Einar Fiskum first in 5 hours 43 minutes; Bill Schjelderup second in 5 hours 45 minutes, and R. J. Verne, Vice-President of the C.A.S.A., third in 5 hours 47 minutes.

In the Class A combined event, Pete Sandnes won by a fraction, annexing the Hanson Cup, the Malkin Cup and the Birks Medal, with Axel Sneiss second, Ivor Knudsen third, Tommy Tapping fourth, and Halvor Petterson fifth.

In the Free-for-All (11 kilometers) Cross-Country Race, Axel Sneiss took first place, Pete Sandnes second place.

In the Class B Combined event, Dan Trousdell of the Omineca Ski

Club won the Club Cup and first place, with Jack Abramson of the Grouse Mountain Ski Club second and Bud Brunell of the Omineca Ski Club third.

First in the Class B Jumping went to Bobby Linbourne of Revelstoke, with his running mate Tommy Tapping second.

The Ladies' Cross-Country Race was won by Miss Gertrude Wahman, who handles her skis as carefully as she does the finances of the Omineca Ski Club, of which she is the treasurer; second, Miss I. Marshall; third, Ella Sorli. Miss Irene Smith unfortunately mistook the course and was disqualified, although finishing among the winners.

The Club Secretary and Carnival Queen, Gerty Wahman, also won the Ladies' Jumping Contest, with Jean Linton second.

In the Class A Novice, Taylor Jensen led the field, with Tommy Jeffrey second.

The Class B Novice Race was won by Bun Smith, and Bob Reid was a close second.

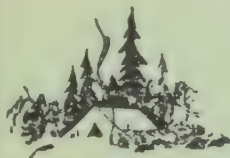
The entertainment of the visiting skiers was supposed to be the office of the Ski Club, but the "Lorelei Club," composed of the ladies of the Lakes District, the Merchants Association and the Board of Trade came to their assistance, and every visitor from the outside clubs congratulated the management and expressed the keen appreciation of the hospitable manner in which they were welcomed.

The most arduous duties were probably those of the Housing Committee, and it is to their credit that a crowd far exceeding the expectations of the Omineca Ski Club was so well taken care of.

In the southern part of our Lakes District, principally Ootsa, White Sail and Eulsuk Lakes, where the hills attain a modest 6,000 feet, are many long slopes, carrying for miles, utterly devoid of timber or brush, where any choice of grade may be made and where the snow lingers to sufficient depth until late June, and for the more intrepid skier are ranges where snow is perpetual.

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Omineca Ski Club

The caribou feeding range is the playground of some of our most enthusiastic club members, such as Schjelderup, Pete Sandnes, Nysven, Trousdell and Brunell of Burns Lake, and Norman Schreiber or Bill McNeil of Ootsa Lake, British Columbia.

Anyone wishing a trip where they may slalom to their heart's content may arrange dates by corresponding with the Omineca Ski Club, the itinerary being as follows: Canadian National Railway to Burns Lake, British Columbia; motor to Ootsa Lake, 42 miles; motor boat to any adjacent range, 10 to 200 miles; trails innumerable to the land of June snow (3 to 5 miles).

A Sunday in Cariboo

continued from page 6

Plates are filled with buttered bread, others with cold meat and ham sliced up. The cover of someone's cake tin makes a dandy salad tray and it is filled with crisp lettuce, sliced tomatoes, celery sticks and maybe a handful of radishes. Bowls of potato salad are strung along the canvas tablecloth, proving that more than one housewife had one hidden away, just in case. Somebody has a tin or bowl that's big enough and all the fruit, both fresh and canned, is mixed in this. Fruit salad goes good for dessert.

Jars or pickles are opened—you just dig in with your fingers, or a spoon, or maybe a jackknife or a sliver of wood. It doesn't matter.

Somebody has raided the boxes before us and emptied all the beans and spaghetti into a frying pan and they're ready to eat. Cookies, both home-made and "store," small cakes and tarts, and usually two or three honest-to-goodness cakes are scattered round amongst the rest of the stuff.

Soon the smallest youngsters are served and their mothers have settled them where they hope to goodness they won't dump the works in the sand, or worse still kick sand

all over our meal, and a shouted "Come and get it" brings the rest on the run.

It isn't long until there's nothing left but dirty plates and crumbs. Groans and lamentations result when the men are informed that they have to wash the dishes. It happens every time and they always kid themselves that this time we'll do it, but we always fool 'em.

It's about 2:30 or 3 o'clock by now. Everybody's full, and almost everybody's lazy. A few of the boys are fooling around the surfboard just off shore, and a few of the men are trolling slowly back and forth across the mouth of the bay. If it's a real good day to laze, it's too calm for fishing; but you never can tell about fish.

The youngsters are playing on the water's edge. They've had their swim and are content to fool around. The sweethearts have gone exploring. It doesn't matter that there's nothing to explore, they've given the rest of us the slip and have the whole outdoors to themselves.

Grandma and her pals are beginning to cast a wary eye around the circle. They on the lookout for a likely victim or two. Pop and his cronies are sitting in the shade, chuckling at the antics of the kids on short, and building a Highway to the Peace, or maybe its a Railroad to the Moon. What's the dif? They'll rebuild it next week, anyway.

If I'm lucky, I'm stretched out on my tummy on a blanket, just dreaming. The sun feels good on

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my back and I've wriggled enough that most of the rocks have moved over—that little one under my ribs doesn't count anyway.

Thank goodness, the kids are big enough now that I don't have to watch them all the time, and the other mothers can watch their own for the time being. I always know the minute we leave shore that one or two of the kids are going to fall overboard before we're back on land again. So does Jean. Consequently we put on a mother hen act during the voyage and are ready to rest when we reach shore. However, none of them ever have yet.

Jeepers!!! It's almost five o'clock, the fishermen are back, and so are the explorers. Come on, gals, we'll have to move if we're going to get home before dark.

More eats, and everybody works this time. No one is very hungry but a cup of tea or coffee goes good. By six-thirty we're all fed and everything is loaded aboard again. The fire is doused and the last kid's sock dug out of the sand. We've even sorted out our own dishes.

The little ones drop off to sleep a couple of hundred yards from shore, and someone is telling the more restless eight and ten-year-olds a story about an Indian Tom Thumb that got chased by a pack

rat, swallowed by a moose, and lost in his father's packsack. That ought to hold them.

Slowly the sun sets and the water turns to liquid fire, and our wake stretches out behind like pastel paper streamers slowly rolling into the horizon. There's no limit to the color combinations and they change every minute. The mountains loom blue in the shadows and the Fort glints white far ahead. Distance adding enchantment, even to the rancherie.

Now we can see the church, and the wings of the plane just show over the top of the Government Wharf. The young folks are singing with the radio and their voices drift off across the water.

The engines are slowed, reversed, and finally stopped. We drift slowly up to the ramp and everybody scrambles for their own possessions, and usually manage to get something of someone else's in the shuffle. Then into the cars and trucks we pile. Men, women, kids, and wet bathing suits are heaped inside, and the left-overs cling to the running boards as we wend our way home to see if the cows have broken into the garden while we were gone.

The Editors Go Fishing

continued from page 81

men are. But I also remembered, but not vaguely, how I had rushed her so that she wouldn't have time to think, promising that I would bring home a beautiful mess of fish.

I stood in front of the door, sort of wondering what was on the other side, if you know what I mean - I was pretty much of a mess - dried blood on the left side of my face and neck (and some of it must have gotten on to my shirt collar too - you know how wives take on about such things) - my pants had a slight tear in them about six inches long on the left knee - one shirt pocket was ripped half off my new flannel shirt - my back was pretty well soaked from having lain in the slimy

bottom of the leaky old tub that passed for a boat - my humbs were raw and red with crusted blood on the inside edges - and frankly, there was decided droop to my shoulders. Not that the tackle box, creel and rod were exactly heavy, but - well, you know how I was feeling.

There wasn't much point in just standing there, so I took a deep breath threw back my shoulders, banged the door open and called out cheerily, "Hello, darling, I'm back, Boy what a trip, I sure wish you could have been along."

I had entered the kitchen. My wife came in from an adjoining room, eyed me up and down - not just once, but about three times, with that wifely look - you know the kind I mean - not the lovey-dovey kind, but the one re-

served for street maskers and other reptiles. "So I see," she said coldly. "But what did I ever do to you, that you should wish I was along on a trip that brought you home looking like that? And where, might I ask, are the fish, or is that a publisher's secret?"

I made another bold attempt, standing just inside the door, still with tackle box, rod and creel in hand.



Genial and smiling Charlie Docherty - 'all 240 pounds of him' lands a nice one on 9-Mile Lake. This picture is reproduced here for the benefit of unbelievers and skeptics, who don't believe us when we say that there are FISH in 9-MILE.

"That's no way to act when a fellow has been out working late in order to satisfy his public. C'mon, C'mon, don't just stand there. Take some of these things."

That did it! For ten minutes I just stood there listening, and dodging a finger that waved around under my nose. When she ran out of breath I said - as a thousand other husbands have said before me, "Aw, now honey - DON'T be like that. Things aren't as bad as that. . . ." And then I remembered. "Just have patience darling. Why up the road just now I was tel-

ling Vern how a fellow by the name of Fyo - Fydoor Dusty-yevskin said that man is quite an animal, and can get used to anything - in time. . . ."

"Animal, is right," she snorted. "He sure hit the nail on the head there. Who is this fellow, this, this Dusty-ev whatever-you-call-him? And where did you meet him?"

"Oh, out on the road," I said nonchalantly, "in a little black book that Vern doesn't like, which cost me four-bits and which we threw at the moose, the book I mean, not the four-bits, and anyway, he said you can get used to anything - which means even me I guess, if. . . ."

Well folks, you see there really wasn't much to tell, and that's all there is to it except for one more thing. I get to work pretty early nowadays - you see, I'm living at the shop - for just a little while. . .

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- CARIBOO and NORTHERN BRITISH COLUMBIA BUSINESS DIRECTORY -

HOPE, B.C.		150 Mile Hotel	29	Gus Peeters Meat Market	99
Cariboo Cafe & Coffee Shop	87	150 Mile Store	67	G. O. Toombs	98
FRASER CANYON		Leuis Krause (Marguerite)	86	G. S. Wood	98
Canyon Hotel	51	QUESNEL & District		Hughes and Ratledge	97
Spuzzum General Store	81	Allison Drug & Book Co.	48	I. B. Guest	31
Alexandra Lodge	48	Annex Hotel	47	Jamieson's Bowling Alley	97
Boston Bar Hotel	48	Beath & Sharpe Ltd.	1st cov.	Joe's Transfer	21
Harrington Motors Ltd.	68	Bank Service Station	79	John McInnis	99
Sander's Coffee Bar	67	Barkerville Stages	61	McCullagh The Jeweller	42
LILLOOET - BRIDGE RIVER Distr.		Cariboo Hotel	76	Nash Engineering	89
Bridge River Meats (Minto)	102	D. H. Smith & Co.	76	Nechako Bakery	98
Dunbar Motors	Fr. Cover	Dr. D. F. Shute (Dentist)	98	Northwest Produce	1
Goldbridge Meats & Groceries	81	Fardal's Meat Market	47	Overwaitea Ltd.	45
Lillooet Cartage Ltd.	53	Fred Langelier (Real Estate)	54	Paschal's Confectionery	71
SPENCES BRIDGE		Hill Meat Market	75	Prince George Drug Co.	75
C. Ellingson	48	H.J. Gardner & Sons Ltd.	back cov.	Prince George Hotel	71
ASHCROFT and District		John A. Fraser & Co. Ltd.	74	Prince George Machinery Depot	25
Ashcroft Hotel	97	Johnston Brothers Garage	88	Refrigeration Service Shop	21
Harvey Bailey & Co.	82	Marsh Brothers Transfer	77	Red Bird Cafe	97
Mark Dummond	87	Northern Dairies Ltd.	85	Rite Spot Cafe	54
T. U. Auto Camp	84	Northern Light Service Stn.	51	Rush Transfer & Storage	89
CLINTON and District		Nuggett Cafe	48	Sam Stevens	99
Clinton Cold Storage	82	Nuggett Barber Shop	75	Six Mile Lake Sawmills	50
Clinton Motors Ltd.	83	Overwaitea Ltd.	45	Spaner's Men's Wear	98
Clinton Hardware	84	Paul Krestenuk	60	Vet's Taxi	70
Gordon Abbey	80	Pierce Garage	48	Walter Flynn	97
I. & P. Guest Ranch	85	Quesnel Taxi	88	West End Motors Ltd.	89
New Bob-Inn Cafe, Hotel & Taxi	84	Quesnel Tobacco Co.	76	Wilkes Business Equipment Co.	50
New Cariboo Lodge	85	Rex Theatre	76	Wm. Bexon	98
Parkies General Store	82	S. N. William & Co.	75	W. M. Motors Ltd.	20
NORTH of Clinton		Travellers Rest	30	Wright Way Cleaners	70
100 Mile House	39	Wade Transport	61	W. M. Motors	54
Perkins Brothers (Buffalo Creek)	78	Wear's Plumbing	77	3rd Avenue Billiards	20
Forest Grove Trading Co.	84	Yvonne's Style Shoppe	75	VANDERHOOF and District	
WILLIAMS LAKE & District		WELLS - BARKERVILLE		Bett's Coffee Shop	56
Brandy Drug Co.	84	Cottonwood House	49	E. A. Ahlm	34
Cariboo Electric & Plumbing	82	Cariboo Rooms	61	Ernie's Garage	56
Chilcotin Hotel	79	Cariboo Gold Quartz Mining Co.	26	George Ogston	65
C.H. Dodwell & Co.	87	Chris' Grocery	61	Hawker's Meat Market	74
Dog Creek Stages	102	C. Heppner	77	I. C. French	57
E. G. Woodland & Son	66	Craines Cafe	50	Maynard Kerr	73
Eby's Central Service	67	Good Bats Cafe & Taxi	51	Nechako Motors	72
Famous Bakery and Coffee Shop	23	Grand Hotel (Stanley)	50	Reid Hotel	56
F. B. Bass (Insurance)	83	Island Mountain Bakery	78	Reo Theatre Circuit	49
G. G. Groome & Son	85	Island Mountain Mines Co. Ltd.	26	Stephen Holmes & Co.	42
Hodgson Brothers	66	K. H. Sing	78	Taylor Brothers	58
J. & G. Machine Shop	47	Mackenzies Ltd.	65	Vanderhoof Co-operative Ass'n.	57
Lake Hardware and Furniture	67	Pavich Taxi	54	Vanderhoof Hotel	71
Likely General Store	78	Riley's Confectionery & Taxi	50	Vanderhoof Lumber Company	72
Lake Taxi	47	Wells Radio Shop	78	FORT ST. JAMES	
Mac's Cigar Store	67	Woodpecker General Store	80	Fraser's Store	56
Maple Leaf Hotel	86	PRINCE GEORGE District		Hoy's Water Transport	21
Maple Leaf Cafe	80	Astoria Cafe	21	Lorne Usher	73
Pat's Tire Shop	80	Assman Agencies	70	L. R. Dickenson	64
Quesnel Brothers Garage	79	Bater Electric Service	99	Fort Fraser Hotel	58
Rae's Garage	86	Ben Baird	89	Fraser Lake Sawmills	42
Smedley & Sharp Ltd.	28	Blair's General Outfitters	71	Endako Hotel	42
Tony's Leather Shop	85	Blu Bird Cafe	102	BURNS LAKE and District	
The Men's Shop	86	Bryant Motors Ltd.	41	Burns Lake Cash and Carry	15
U're Laundries	80	Canadian Trailway Stages	3	Burns Lake Garage & Hardware	72
Williams Lake Dry Cleaners	83	Cariboo Meat Market	49	Burns Lake Plumbing & Electric	95
Williams Lake Meat Market	88	Central B.C. Airways	53	Bowie & Boyd	95
W. J. Thomas	80	Detroit Auto Body Works	88	Elmer's Service Shop	37
		G. B. Williams	99	Lakeshore Lodge	95
		Gundy's News Agency	20	Lakes District Co-op.	58

Ootsa Lake General Store	37	Dawson Creek Co-op've Shippers	94	T. Thompson	59
Silver Tip Tire Service	73	Dawson's 5 to 1.00 Store	68	Twin Service Station	90
Sheardown's Ltd.	59	Dawson Creek Motors	36	Mitton's Real Estate	93
Shell Service Station	95	Dew Drop Inn	64	Northland Iron Works	43
Sunset Hardware	58	Dudley and Wilson	94	Rimbey Motors	64
Tweedsmuir Motors	49	Erickson's Radio Service	36	Union Taxi	36
Anderson & Company	96	Frontier Lumber Company	69	POUCE COUPE	
Houston Cash and Carry	65	Harper's General Store	27	Capital Motors	92
Jan Koning	72	Hartman's Home Furnishings	68		
SMITHERS - TELKWA		Jack Patterson's	92	MISCELLANEOUS	
Bulkley Hotel	96	J. D. McEachern	64	Can. Western Greyhound Lines	55
Hoskins Garage	57	Teach Tire & Radiator Service	91	Columbia Paper Co.	102
McRae Hotel	73	Northern B.C. Agencies	62	Coast Breweries	outside back cov.
Muirhead Brothers	58	Peace River Block Bakery	93	Home Oil Distributors Ltd.	52
Olson's Furniture Store	58	Rimbey's Real Estate	43	Machinery Depot Ltd.	19
R. S. Sergeant	34	Shop Rite Ltd.	43	P.M. Products (1947) Ltd.	(a)
R. W. Calderwood	57	Spinney Trucking Service Ltd.	69	Standard Oil (of B.C.) Ltd.	33
Telkwa Hotel	72	Thompson Electric	59	Sick' Capilano Brewery	outs. b. cov.
The Cottonwoods	96	Trail Transport	59	Vancouver Breweries	outs. b. cov.
Watson's Store Ltd.	73				

HAZELTON

C. W. Dawson	56
Grandview Hotel	65
Hazelton Hotel	34
Myros & Smith Ltd.	42
New Hazelton Hotel	65

TERRACE

Terrace Theatre	42
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FORT ST. JOHN

Alaska Highway Stages	37
Alcan Service	68
B. C. Cafe	59
Bowes & Heron Garage	37
Carlsonia Theatre	60
C.C. Brooks	93
C. C. Brandt	60
Condill Hotel	36
Downes Motor Shop	44
E. A. Tucker	60
Fort St. John Furniture Co.	90
Fort St. John Lumber Co.	60
Fort St. John Board of Trade	17
George's Radio & Electric	68
Glacier Drugs	90
H. A. Mason	43
Husky Bowling Alley	90
Ken Dodds Lumber Yard	44
Larry's Place	92
Lorne Haralson (Muskwa)	69
Moore Equipment Co.	44
Northern Motors	44
Olsen's Transport	69
Orlo J. Reid	92
Pomeroy Hotel	68
Pomeroy Cafe	93
Rhenie Dhenin	93
Titus Lodge & Mercantile	60

DAWSON CREEK

Alaska Highway Nurseries	62
Alaska Lunch	90
Atkinson's Machine Shop	50
Bissett's Hardware	91
Bluebird Cafe	92
Cameron Garage	91
Carlton Cafe	43
Dainty Pastry & Coffee Shop	62
Dawson Implements	91
Dawson Universal Sales	91

NEEDED!

One Million New Population

continued from page 5

in the case of coal-burning ships, which in using our coal would then have a greater value per dollar purchase in heat units, and leave much more space available for freight. For upwards of forty years British Columbia ministers have boasted that the Peace River was B.C.'s greatest asset, and the Peace River coal her most valuable resource. Let us use it to reduce taxation and give employment.

200,000 HOMES NEEDED

Canada's present foreign coal purchases, representing spending power of over one billion dollars per year, is sufficient to maintain one million new population. This would mean the construction of 200,000 homes and the supplying of furniture, boots and shoes, clothing and other necessities of life. This would be a tremendous help to Canadian industry generally.

ELECT MEN,
NOT PUPPETS

Every Canadian must think in terms of Canada, her national safety and economic security; to this end it is advisable to elect to office those men who believe in the development of the natural resources of this great Empire, and who will devote

themselves with untiring zeal to the encouragement of this development.

This great project can all be accomplished by the Province of British Columbia in conjunction with private enterprise, which is anxiously awaiting investment in the security offered by the vast wealth of this territory.

THE OLD PROSPECTOR

Here's to the call of the northland,
It's back in my heart once more,
I long to see that emerald lake,
Those crystal waters I adore.

I long to hear those calling geese
As they wing their way to the south,
To see the big silver trout leaping
Way down by the river's mouth.

I see old silvertip on the mountain
And the bull caribou in the glen;
Oh, land of my home, I'm coming!
I am coming back again!

I long to ramble through the mountains
As I did in the days before
I left for the big cities
That I found such an awful bore.

To feel my sturdy birch canoe
Answer to my paddle's flip
As I hit the wild Osalinka
Down on the whitewater strip.

To watch those coral sunsets
On the edge of Tourmaline Lake
(Oh, well, comes the spring, boys,
I'll have a big enough stake.)

Jean Barlow Grady.

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(C. R. Place, Proprietor)

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Scheduled Service between
DOG CREEK and WILLIAMS
LAKE

Dog Creek, B.C.

American Visits Cariboo

continued from page 21

imagine where they had come from or where they were going, as the town of Golden was ninety miles around the Big Bend; Revelstoke, the nearest, was sixty miles behind us down the valley. Presently, the lights from a third car could be seen way up the valley, bobbing in our direction. This one flashed by like the others, but slowed down as though it had been out looking for us and had over-shot the mark. We could hear it turning around a short way down the valley. It came back up the slight grade and stopped just out of reach of the firelight.

As a precaution, I had removed my wrist-watch and pushed it down under the blankets with my feet. But how unnecessary! Out of the darkness in the road came the tremulous voice of a woman! "Are you boys all right?" it asked. "Yes, just fine," we replied. And the same voice asked if we had any car trouble, to which we answered negatively. Hereupon the machine turned around and moved on out of hearing, taking our well-wisher with it.

We amused ourselves for a while trying to guess what this person thought had prompted us to select this lonely spot when doubtless there were good hotels available.

My companion suggested that maybe they thought we were escaped lunatics, as anyone who would camp out in late September, when in another week the road would be closed for the winter, could conceivably fall in this category. We resolved, however, that people in these parts were dependent on one another for help, and unhesitatingly offer it even to stranger. A kindly thought on which we slept soundly.

To summarize impressions gained from this all too short but profitable trip to Cariboo, I would agree with others that British Columbia's future is, indeed, great. It is rich in resources which are yet to see their greatest development. There is a wealth of beauty there of such variety as to be equalled by no other Canadian province. Still virtually unspoiled by the march of industrialism, B.C. contains what I term the last wild-life frontier within easy access of civilization on the continent of North America. But for my money the province's greatest asset is her people.

That problems exist here and that more will arise as the province grows, is undeniable. The west coast of the United States has, by illustration, shown in recent decades an economic independence which is shattering the complacency of the once dominant eastern seaboard. This power will unquestionably come to British Columbia, where a similar situation seems to exist. As its roads and other means of communication improve, private industry will gather momentum. Let's hope this happens gradually so that a very capable and deserving people will maintain the control and be the chief benefactors.

BRIDGE RIVER MEATS

-:- General Store -:-

Full line of Groceries - Meats

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Minto Mines

British Columbia

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R.D. White, proprietor

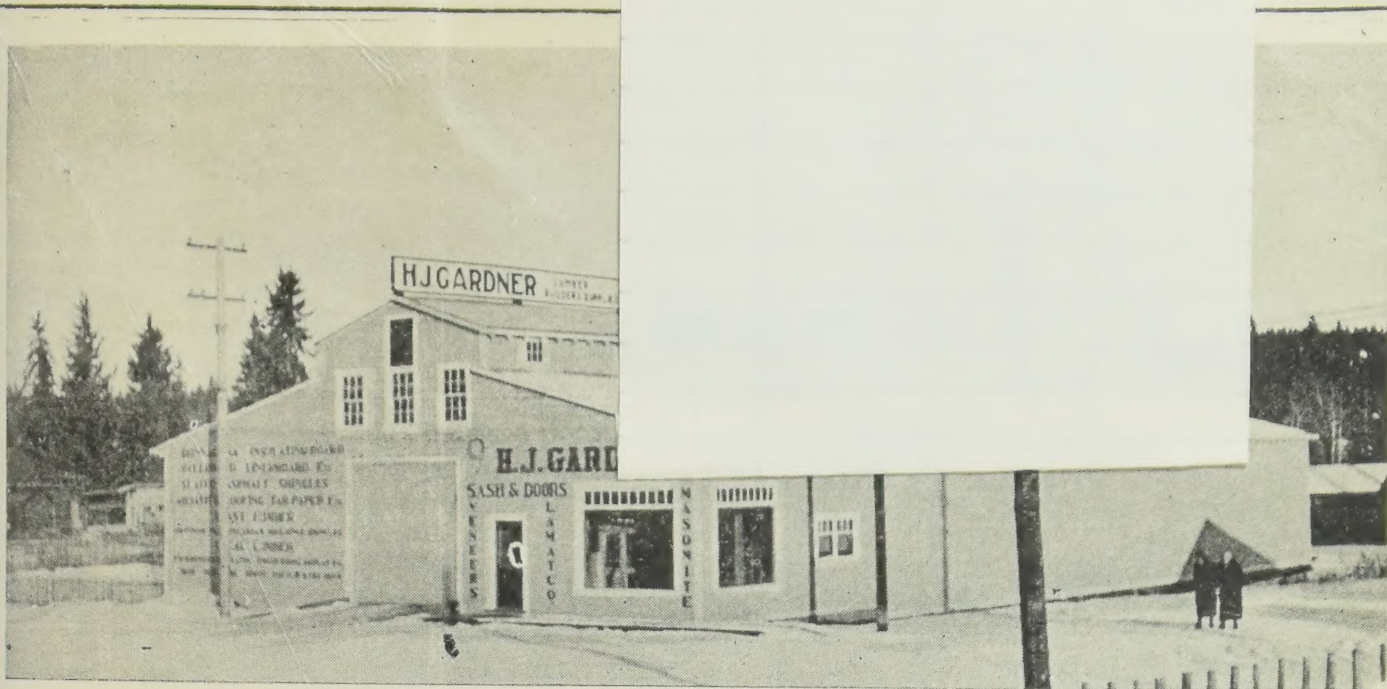
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PRINCE GEORGE, B.C.

The Last Resort

"Pilot to tower - pilot to tower -
Plane out of gas. . . am 8,000 feet up
- and 30 miles out over the ocean. . .
what'll I do now?"

"Tower to pilot - tower to pilot -
Repeat after me. . . 'Our Father, who
art in Heaven . . .'"



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British Columbia

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